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The Daily Mirror

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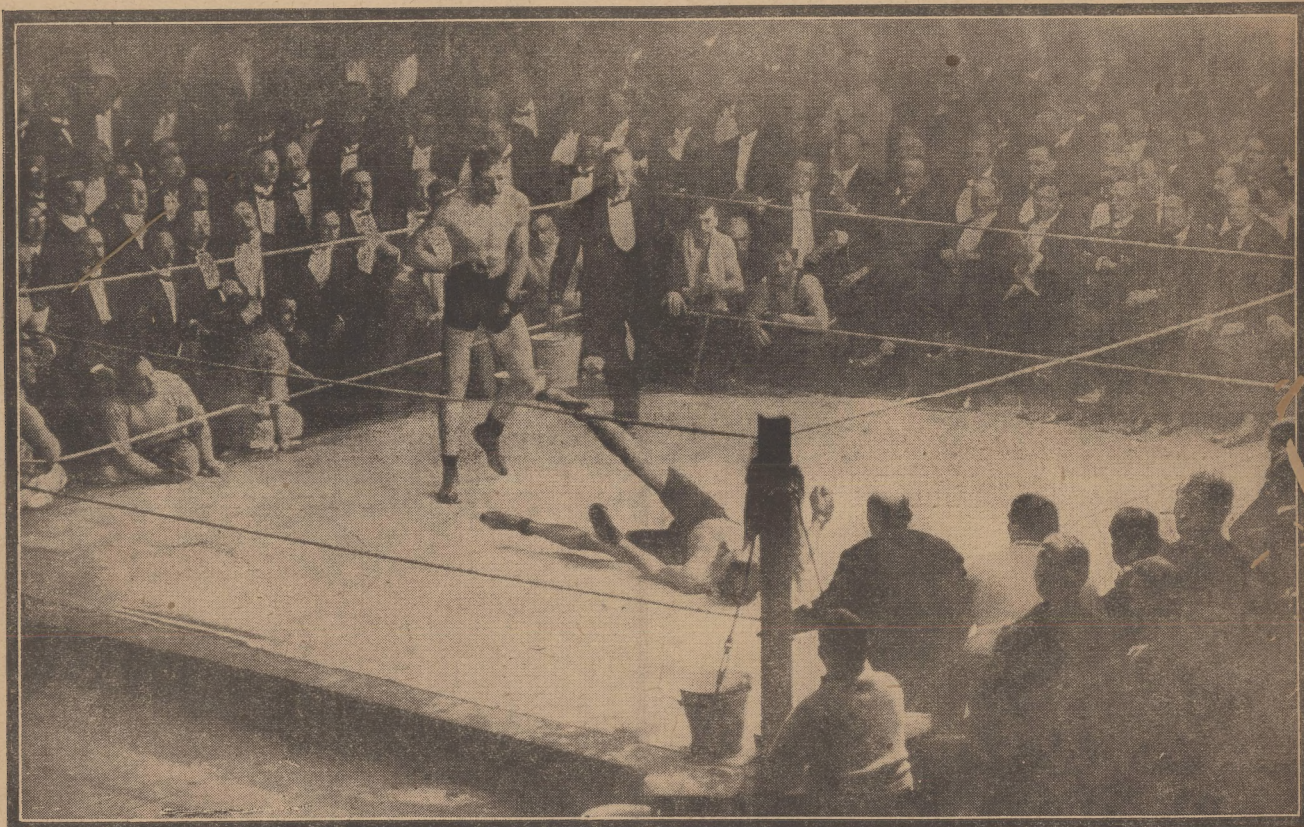
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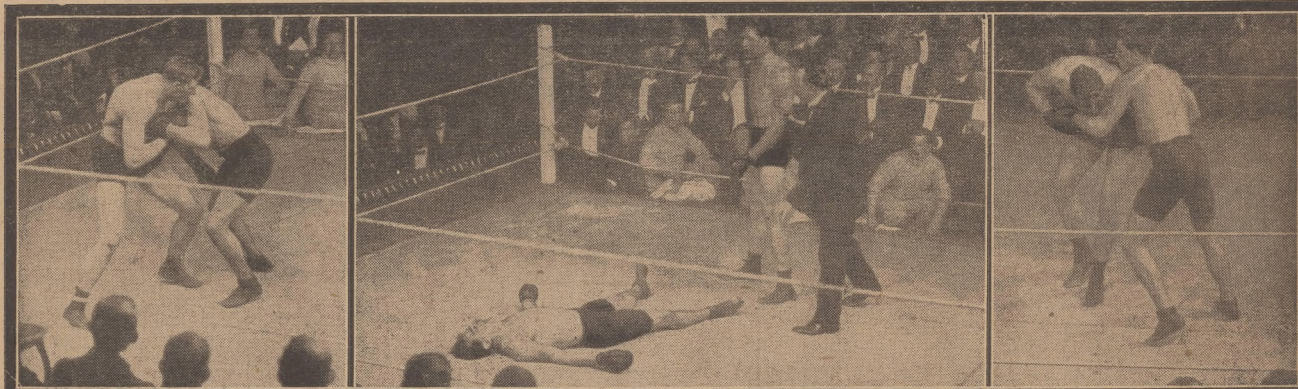
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1914

One Halfpenny.

WELLS COMES BACK: BLAKE BEATEN AFTER A FIERCE FOUR ROUNDS.



Blake down with a thud in the fourth round. It will be seen from the picture that he is not even yet fully extended on the boards.



Wells covering up.

Blake out and the referee counting the seconds.

Blake trying for the body.

Left, right, left. A series of terrific blows on the head brought Blake to the floor and gave Wells the victory. During the contest there was much in-fighting, as Blake was trying to imitate Carpentier, but Wells had learnt his lesson from his meeting with the

Frenchman, and, breaking away from his opponent in the fourth round, delivered the blows which made him the winner. The match took place at the Palladium before a huge audience.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



A GLOSSY BLACKNESS

ON your grate is easily obtainable if you use *Gipsy* Black Lead. Costing no more than ordinary black leads, it blackens, brightens, beautifies in half the time.

GIPTY BLACK LEAD

means more leisure and greater pleasure in your housework. It goes on hot or cold stoves and does not crack or peel off. And its lovely lustre lasts.

If you prefer it as a paste in tins ask for *Gipsy* Grate Gloss. Send a POST CARD for FREE SAMPLE, giving your own and your dealer's name, to Dept. B-21.

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Makers of 'GLOSSO', the One-Minute Metal Polish

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BUT
IT MUST BE
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WALLIS'S

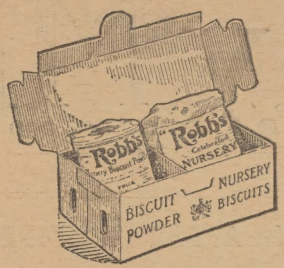
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NEW
SPRING
GOODS
this week

A Comprehensive Display of the New Season's Fashions from the Most Authentic Sources.

WALLIS' FOR VALUE—AND QUALITY TOO.

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FREE BOX

containing samples of Robb's celebrated Nursery Biscuits and Biscuit Powder.

Give them a thorough trial in your own nursery. You will find these delicious and nutritious foods are just the thing for your children, who will thrive on them and grow up healthy, strong & robust.

Send three stamps to-day to cover postage and packing and this generous sample box will be sent you at once.

For very young babies, in cases where a substitute for the natural milk is required, ROBB'S SOLUBLE MILK FOOD will be found ideal. No. 1 for babies under 4 months. No. 2 for those from 4 to 7 months. Sample tin will be forwarded upon receipt of 3d. to cover postage, etc.

When writing please specify which sample is required.

ALEX. ROBB & CO.,
79F, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

Nursery Biscuit and Food Manufacturers to the Royal Family and by Royal Warrant Purveyors to H.M. the King of Spain.

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Derry & Toms

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SALE of Curtains and Nets, Household Linen, and Furnishing Fabrics.

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Write for 52-page Catalogue.



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Damask Cloths. Being odd they are marked at extremely low figures. 2 1/2 yds. 2 1/2 yds. usually 8/11, 10/11, 12/11. To be sold in two lots. (Each) 8/11 1/2, 6/11 1/2

SHEETS.
4,000 pairs. Single and double bed. Plain twill, and hemstitched. Usually 10/11, 12/11 pair. Sale Price (pair) 8/11 1/2



COUNTRYSIDE. — Neat Rose and Ribbon Washing Bedspread, Pink, Blue or Green Ribbons. 2 by 2 1/2. Usually 5/11. Sale Price (each) 3/11 1/2



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This Week and Next we are offering our Enormous Stock of 20 Miles of English Printed Cretonnes at Sale Prices. 6d., 9d., 1/0, 1/6, 1/3, 1/2. Write for Catalogue and see these illustrated in colours.

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will be given to the person sending the best sentence describing that delicious long-for-more-of-it taste of Sharp's Kreamy Toffee.

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before April 30th, to be sent to EDWARD SHARP & CO., (Dept. R), Kreamy Works, Maidstone, Kent. There are 100 other Prizes in addition.

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Sold Everywhere. 2 ounces 1d.
BUY AND TRY IT TO-DAY, then send along your line with a piece of the wrapping paper. Sentence not to exceed six words. Ed. Sharp & Co.'s decision to be final.



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EVANS' PASTILLES

Invaluable for Throat & Voice
Send penny stamp for Sample to the Sole Manufacturers
EVANS, SONS, LESTER & WEBB, LTD.
LIVERPOOL and LONDON.
(Name this paper.)

BOMBARDIER WELLS WINS, KNOCKING OUT BLAKE IN THE FOURTH ROUND.

Bandsman Meets Defeat for First Time in His Career.

RUSHED AND LOST.

Contest Between Ex-Soldiers That Drew All Sporting World.

Wells won. Bandsman Blake lost his first fight when at the Palladium last night the Bombardier knocked him out in the fourth round.

Whether this will be a "come back" for Wells and whether he will get another opportunity of meeting Carpenter remains to be seen.

Last night's battle should have done him a lot of good, and it may even be that he is, after all, the champion we have all been looking for.

(Photographs on pages 1 and 20.)

THE CONTEST DESCRIBED.

(By Our Boxing Expert.)

Bombardier Wells completely outclassed Bandsman Blake last night at the Palladium and once again demonstrated that he is the best heavy-weight boxer in England. Blake, after being nearly out in the third round, was knocked out towards the close of the fourth.

It was not a pretty contest by any means, Blake, with the idea that Wells's body was his weak spot, wrestling and roughing throughout the first two rounds. He found, however, that Wells had either developed a sounder defence or else had left his nervousness behind him.

It was very late when the men entered the ring, and it was fourteen minutes to eleven before the contest commenced. Both men came in for a tremendous greeting from the packed house, which from the stage seemed one sea of excited visages.

The ring, which had a slight slope to it, naturally favoured the man in the top corner, and Blake, the first to come out, naturally went straight there. But Wells's knowledge of the game would not permit this without a protest, and with Mr. Burge tossing for Blake, Wells won the right to the point of vantage.

Blake came in with his bandages already on, and, as in the case in his match with Carpenter, Wells had his adjusted in the ring. However, little time was wasted in this operation, although it was clearly noticeable that Wells, whatever he may have felt, showed no trace of that nerve-snapping agitation which prostrated him before the start of his match against the French champion.

TENSE, EAGER LOOK.

It was the Wells that we had seen before, the man confident of his ability to hold his own against the best and doughtiest opponent who could be brought to face him.

And Blake, although inches shorter, looked a proper figure of a man. His muscles rippled in the strong light of the battery of arc lamps erected for the purpose of taking *The Daily Mirror* pictures.

Confidence was expressed in every look he gave to the crowded stage and excited auditorium. And if either of the two men was supremely certain that the championship would be his at the end of this tremendous battle it was Blake.

Wells, as I have said, displayed no trace of nervousness, but the tense eager look; the almost twitching of the faultless muscles; the all the nerves in the tips of my fingers' expression, one might say, was on his face.

For to Wells this battle was something more than an ordinary boxing match. His nerves had beaten him in his last great contest, and this time he seemed to have keyed himself up to concert pitch.

If anything had gone wrong with him, any slip in his training, possibly a meal served badly at the last moment, Wells might just as easily have been the nervous wreck whom, I believe, never really saw Carpenter in the ring with him.

But there was nothing of this kind; there was no motor-car accident at the eleventh hour, and there was no shouting from the excited crowd whose feelings seemed even too pent up to permit of speech.

There was a mere buzz, little more than would be caused by the breathing of such a huge assemblage; and, as the M.C. introduced the men, even this died away for a breath-held second or two.

LANDED WITH HIS LEFT.

The words "Are you ready?" came exactly at fourteen minutes to eleven, and a second or so afterwards Blake made a dash at his opponent which was intended to be a counterpart of the leopard-like spring Carpenter made at the same man.

Wells landed with his left as Blake came in, and the men came into a clinch, with Blake striving desperately to reach the supposed vulnerable point in Wells's body.

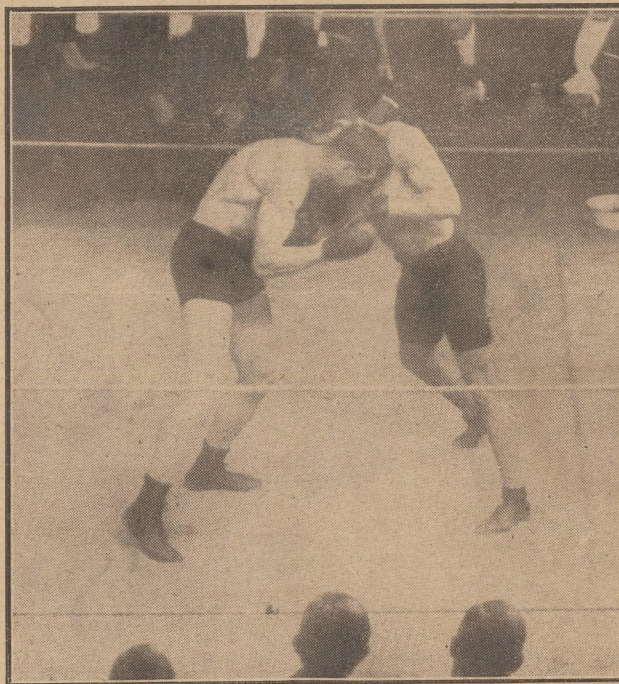
But Wells was not having any of it on this occasion. His guard was there, and he simply stood his ground, and, when opportunity served, used both hands on the Bandsman's body.

If points were counted in that first round Blake probably scored them, for he was trying whirlwind, dashing tactics to try and demoralise the man whose nerves have made him a by-word among boxers.

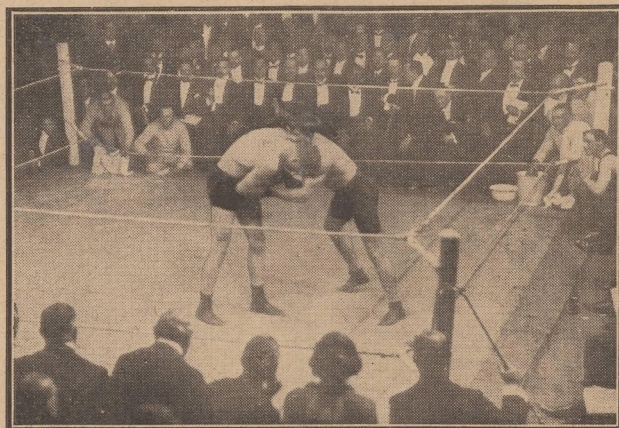
And those brief three minutes were to us who knew the temperaments and styles of the two men crucial, tremendous moments. Would Wells stand the racket? He did, and the contest was never afterwards in doubt.

From that it must not be supposed that Blake even doubted his ability to win. He dashed into

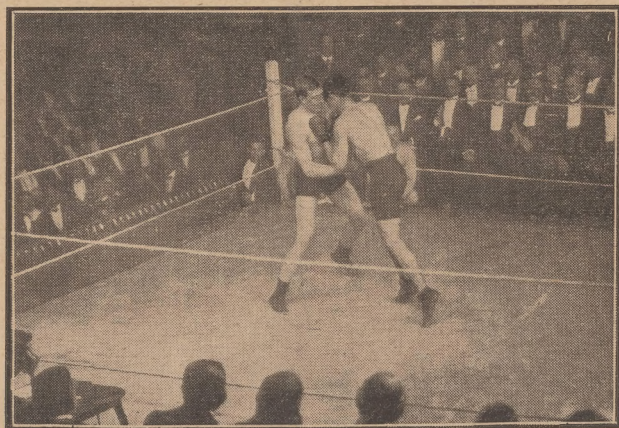
(Continued on column 4.)



In-fighting. Wells is wearing the shorter knickers.



How they appeared during the greater part of the short contest.



More in-fighting.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

Many Women in Huge Audience See Stern Contest.

NERVE V. PLUCK.

(Continued from column 1.)

the fight in the second round with the same determination and vim, and Wells, although butted, accidentally no doubt, and with the Bandsman leaning on him and trying to reach his body with every punch, gradually but surely wore out the fierce onrush of his opponent's strength, and after that it was only a matter of round.

Towards the end of this second round Wells, although naturally tired by the wrestling, furious work of his rival, felt so sure of himself that he relaxed some of his guard, and exchanged punches with Blake.

And in the third round we saw Wells the boxer flushed and bruised, but smiling, and Blake the fighter game as ever boring in to annihilate an opponent too strong and too clever for him, but always fighting a forlorn hope.

Blake got home the first lead in this round, a swinging left to Wells's face. But it appeared almost that Wells had deliberately given the opening, and with a straight left and that dangerous right hook he shook Blake from his head to his heels. And, keeping the Bandsman off him, Wells lashed out left and right again, then uppercut Blake with a left which caught him apparently on the jugular as he ran into it.

B-A-K-E'S GAMENESS.

With a less powerful man this blow might easily have ended the fight, but Blake was dead game, and, coming at Wells with a rush, landed with both hands.

But by this time Blake's punches had lost their power, and Wells's smile, although his right eye seemed puffed, was an augury of almost immediate victory.

Another left flush in the face which brought the blood from both mouth and nose shook Blake again tremendously, and he staggered across the ring Wells, dashing after him, hit him in the back of the neck with his right.

The fourth and last round saw Wells boxing better than ever, and although Blake made a last forlorn effort to force the fight and get into close quarters, Wells's left hand was too ruthless in its work to give him a chance.

From the top side of the ring he raised the hopes of his supporters by swinging his left to the side of Wells's jaw, but it left him open and brought reprisals in the shape of two quick jabs which shook him again.

Wells was now waiting for the coup de grace, and in one of Blake's endeavours to get into close quarters and comparative safety he met him with a tremendous uppercut with the left and brought the right across on to the jaw, and with a straight punch on the chin put the Bandsman down with a thud that could be heard in every corner of the vast theatre.

THE FATAL COUNT.

Slowly the seconds were counted, but not even a frantic douche of water on Blake's face from one of his frenzied seconds could bring him round. The punches had been well and truly delivered, and Wells—that extraordinary man of brilliance and mediocrity—remained boxing champion of England.

Quite what the victory means to Wells it is impossible to say. At his best, the normal Wells, I do not think any of us anticipated anything but success. But Wells's nerves and temperament are such that one never knows what he will do next.

It is quite possible that having taken part in the rushing, tearing contest with Blake he will in his next encounter with Carpenter—for it is his dearest wish to engage the Frenchman again—be the real Wells.

For Blake one can only be sorry for a real stout game fighter who, boxing out of his class—but is out of his weight—met with defeat, but certainly not with disgrace. He tried; but he was giving away too much in height, weight and reach, to say nothing of boxing ability, and the handicap was too great.

Blake will now be well advised to sort out the middle-weights, and win fame and distinction in his proper sphere. As I said when the match was made, he would have stood a much greater chance against Carpenter than against the Bombardier, for it was not Wells but a shadow of himself who faced the Frenchman in the National Sporting Club tragedy.

P. J. MOSS.

WOMEN WHO CHEERED.

Seldom in the history of English boxing has a contest aroused so much interest as that between Bombardier Wells and Bandsman Blake at the Palladium last night.

All sorts and conditions of men—and a big sprinkling of women—were in the packed hall; and outside thousands, unable to gain admission, waited to get the result at the first possible moment.

Outside the hall there were scenes unparalleled for a contest in London. Argyle-street and the adjoining thoroughfares were thronged with a mass of people, and hundreds of police were necessary to keep them in order.

During the early part of the wait the crowd sang songs, and when the big contest was over those who left the Palladium early had literally to fight their way out.

The scene inside the music-hall was remarkable. In a party of eight in one of the boxes were five women and the stalls and circle were bright with women's toilettes.

And among the spectators were men famous in every walk of life.

There were, for instance, the Marquis of Queensberry, Lord Londsdale and Lord Ribblesdale. Not far off were George Duncan, J. H. Taylor and

(Continued on page 18.)

BARONESS AND "DEAR ONIONS."

Letters in Agent's Claim Alleged
To Be Forgeries.

PLAINTIFF'S PAST.

"There are letters that are forgeries." This surprising statement suddenly rapped out by counsel for the defence startled Mr. Justice Pickford's Court yesterday, where the hearing of a remarkable action was begun.

Mr. Hugh Douglas Hamilton Dalrymple claimed from the Baroness Hilda von Goetz £141 13s. 4d. as arrears of salary; £877 9s. 2d. which he said was money paid at her request; and £200 as damages for wrongful dismissal. His case was that he was employed at her farm at Aldingbourne, Sussex, at a salary of £400 a year. Letters written to him, as his counsel said, by the Baroness were stated to number a hundred.

The cross-examination of the plaintiff was of a remarkable character, and after it the hearing was adjourned.

"MY DEAR PAL, ONIONS."

The defendant, said Mr. J. Hardy (Mr. Dalrymple's counsel), was a Dutch Baroness, and in May, 1910, she asked Mr. Dalrymple to accept the position of agent at her farm. He was then earning £3 a week with a London firm.

He was told by the Baroness that he would be able to spend half his time at her house and help to receive her guests. He would live the life of a country gentleman.

The farm, the story went on, consisted of forty acres, rented at £2 10s. an acre. It was not worth £1 an acre, said Mr. Hardy.

At this point Mr. Hume Williams, K.C., counsel for the Baroness, said that the allegations of Mr. Dalrymple were concocted from beginning to end. There were letters that were forged, and the Judge asked if they were all said to be forgeries.

Counsel said all those he had read certainly were.

100 LETTERS.

In view of the defence set up, and in order that the jury might appreciate the relationship between the parties, Mr. Hardy said he would read some of the letters from the Baroness to the plaintiff. There were, he said, 100 of them.

Apparently, the Baroness had a pet name for the plaintiff, for the first letter read was—

My Dear Pal Onions.—According to promise, I send you six lines to say I have no news except the enclosed communication.

I believe you have undertaken to be the paymaster and find the cash. It is nice of you to find time for such pretty love-letters when you departed. I am charmed with them, and find them a very good substitute for yourself.

Unfortunately Mr. Hardy turned up this afternoon and prevented me from going to the farm, but will do so to-morrow.

I am greatly puzzled how to finish this epistle. I must not send kind regards or very polite messages. The best I can do is this, and I hope it will meet with your approval.

Mr. Hardy then dealt with the allegation of the defence that plaintiff was a discharged prisoner, admitting it to be true, but asserting that this defence had been set up to blacken the character of a man who had brought forward what he believed to be an honest claim.

The plaintiff, giving evidence, said he became on intimate terms with the defendant in 1903 or 1904.

Mr. Hume Williams: What does that mean?

Mr. Hardy: If necessary can you give the names and addresses of the various hotels at which you stopped with her?

Witness: Yes.

Mr. Williams (protesting): Well, really—

Witness proceeded to describe his superintendence of the farm.

Mr. Williams (cross-examining): What is your real name?—Hugh Douglas Dalrymple Hamilton.

Were you convicted in 1886 as John Arthur Dillon, alias Captain Dalton?—Yes.

ADMISSION OF BIGAMY.

And in 1891 as Hugh Tinsley Crawford?—Yes.

And also were you convicted as Murray?—No. I was convicted last as George Courtney.

Plaintiff admitted that he had been a gentleman's servant, and had received eighteen months' imprisonment for attempting to obtain clothes by false pretences.

Counsel: Did an inspector go into the box and say that you were a married man and had two children who were living at Bouffect, in Yorkshire? I can't remember.

Was that true?—Yes.

Did you afterwards make the acquaintance of the manager of an hotel at Bradford and represent yourself as a widower?—Yes.

Did you lead this life to leave her situation and obtain from her all her savings?—Yes.

Plaintiff admitted that he had been guilty of bigamy. He made the acquaintance of some people, and was particularly friendly with their eldest daughter.

Counsel: Did you represent yourself to the daughter as a single man and marry her?—Yes; as a widower.

Did a police-inspector say that you obtained £200 from a girl at Leeds, passed it on to her situation, and left her destitute in the streets?—I did not. It's not true, my Lord, not the money part, at any rate.

The hearing was adjourned, his Lordship remarking that he thought the parties had better consider their positions.

NINE MEN DROWNED IN MINE.

MONS (Belgium), March 3.—A sudden inrush of water into the Thieu colmine near Bracquenes last night, where 250 miners were at work, resulted in nine of them being drowned.

The water mounted to a height of over 200ft. Twenty-two pit ponies were perished.

A house in the vicinity has fallen in consequence of the sinking of the earth.—Reuter.

IRISH STATEMENT FIXED.

Mr. Asquith Promises Announcement in Commons on Monday.

The promised statement on Home Rule will be made by Mr. Asquith on Monday next in the House of Commons.

This important announcement was made yesterday by the Prime Minister in the House of Commons.

Mr. Asquith, replying to Mr. Bonar Law, said he understood that satisfactory arrangements had now been made which would secure the completion of some days in order that the representatives of the various parties may have time for full consideration of the new proposals.

There has been a conference between Ministers and the Nationalist leaders in Downing Street, where, it is understood, the terms of the announcement which the Prime Minister has promised were discussed.

There will probably be a further meeting of the Cabinet to-day, at which the final preparations will be made for the announcement of the Ministerial concessions.

Mr. Asquith's statement on Monday will be followed, it is stated, by a short discussion in which the Unionist leaders and possibly Mr. Redmond, will speak. No general debate is expected.

In view of the importance of the matter no vote is to be taken, and the debate will be adjourned for some days in order that the representatives of the various parties may have time for full consideration of the new proposals.

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CRAMPED GODS.

Galleryites Who Woo the Muses in Sore Discomfort at Covent Garden.

"It was Wagner's earnest wish that everybody who went to his operas should have comfortable seats and be quite happy. I wonder what the master would say if he could see the gallery at Covent Garden. . . ."

A young, enthusiastic Wagnerian, who has been a frequent visitor to the gallery in the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, during the present season, made this statement to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"I have just seen 'Die Walkure,' which lasted four and a half hours," he said.

The young man said that the seats in the gallery were so cramped and so uncomfortable that he was often obliged to sit in a cramped, almost perilous position, in the middle of the gallery.

"Prodding me in the back were the knees and boots of the people behind, while I myself frequently kicked the man in front of me—to his intense annoyance."

To see how the poor "galleryite" really fares, *The Daily Mirror* visited Covent Garden yesterday, and the opera, and some interesting facts were obtained as to their accommodation. They may be given briefly as follows:—

From the street to the top of the gallery one has to climb 100 steps.

The seats on which the "galleryites" sit are not more than 8in. or 9in. wide. They are covered with a soft, but very thick, material. Some of the rows of seats have no backs. The distance allowed for "kneepace" was in some cases less than 20in.

A tall man sitting in the third row from the top was suffering the most serious discomfort—he had to twist his body up under him. If he moved a few inches he was bound to knock the man in front or the people behind.

The gangway at the top of the gallery is so narrow in the middle—more than two or three feet—that it is practically impossible for stout people to pass each other.

"It is high time that the Covent Garden authorities should consider the matter more comfortable," said one man to *The Daily Mirror*. "The whole of the seating accommodation should be altered; and other general improvements are badly needed."

MR. TOM MANN AS IMPORTEUR.

Mr. Tom Mann will leave for South Africa on Saturday by the Edinburgh Castle as the first of a party of nine trade union leaders.

Probably he will be followed by Mr. Ben Tillett and by Mrs. Lee, who will go out on behalf of the trade unionists of England.

Mr. Tom Mann, in an interview, said all his work would be directed by the Federation of Trades in South Africa. "The threat," he said, "which has been made that my landing in the Cape will result in the provisions of the Immigration Act is at present a matter which is not troubling either me or those who are sending me."

In one of the clauses of the Immigration Regulation Act, 1903, it is set out that "any person who, from information received from any Government (whether British or foreign), through official or diplomatic channels, is deemed by the Minister to be an undesirable inhabitant of, or visitor to, the Union, may be prohibited."

GEYSER AND DEATH IN BATH.

A German toy importer named Richard Ordenslein, aged thirty-one, who resided in apartments at Norfolk-square, Hyde Park, was found dead in his bath on Saturday morning.

At the inquest yesterday Dr. Falconer said death was due to suffocation from drowning, due, in his opinion, to deceased falling under water whilst suffering from carbon monoxide poisoning.

Witness thought the fumes from the geyser had something to do with the deceased being overcome. He noticed fumes when he went into the bathroom.

The coroner, remarking that the question was one of public interest, adjourned the inquest for an expert examination of the geyser to be made.

HOW £1,000 WENT.

'Almost Incredible Story' of Young Man's Night Play.

WHAT JUDGE THOUGHT.

A remarkable story of a game of chemin de fer in a Mayfair house was told yesterday before Mr. Justice Eve in Chancery.

Mr. Cozens-Hardy, K.C., moved on behalf of Frank George Wooster, the plaintiff in an action, Wooster v. Chapman, to restrain the defendant from continuing or proceeding with an action instituted by him in the County Court.

The plaintiff, said counsel, was twenty-four years of age, an authorised clerk to a firm of stock-jobbers in the City, and the defendant, Mr. C. F. Chapman, was a starting-price bookmaker, carrying on business in Old Bond-street, and the proprietor of a gaming-house, which on September 18, 1913, he carried on at Charles-street, Mayfair.

Mr. Justice Eve, K.C. (for defendant): There is no evidence of that.

"What happened," continued Mr. Cozens-Hardy, "was this:

Mr. Wooster was dining at a Strand restaurant when Mr. Chapman, named Jackson, who suggested that he should go to a house in Charles-street and play.

He went that evening at six o'clock, and the defendant arrived at about ten o'clock. Mr. Wooster was invited to play chemin de fer, and appeared at the first instance supplied with counters of various denominations, to the total value of £100.

Mr. Chapman told Mr. Wooster that he had lost £1,000.

Mr. Wooster added counsel, told defendant he could not pay. Defendant said he must give a cheque for £100 and an I O U for £900, and, rightly or wrongly, Mr. Wooster gave these two documents.

Mr. Wooster later said he would not pay the £200, and he would not borrow from a money-lender.

Mr. Chapman suggested, said counsel, that the £200 should be paid at the rate of £10 per month, and said that he would have a document drawn up embodying that arrangement.

DOCUMENT HE SIGNED.

Plaintiff later was shown a document which he thereupon signed.

On February 12 last Mr. Wooster was served with a county court summons for the first four instalments, and the trial was fixed for this month.

On February 17 a writ was taken out by the plaintiff, claiming cancellation of the agreement.

Mr. Clayton then read the affidavit of the defendant, which was to the effect that he was introduced to the place by the lease of the premises, so that he was not connected with them.

Several of the statements made by Mr. Wooster, said defendant, were untrue. Upon the following day he (defendant) received this letter from the plaintiff:

My dear Mr. Chapman.—Just a few lines to thank you for all you have done for me and the topping way you have treated the whole affair. Of course, I made an object fool of myself, and it was an expensive lesson for me. You will get a cheque from me every month.

Counsel asked if necessary the county court action should be transferred to this court, when it might be tried by his Lordship, together with the action for cancellation.

The Judge said the plaintiff seemed to have been "more a fool than a knave." He added that he was satisfied as to the truth of all the plaintiff's statement. It was almost incredible that a man of his experience could have taken that part in the proceedings at a gaming house without knowing that he was getting into a bad way.

The injunction asked for would be granted, but the Chancery action itself would have to be hastened.

"A CAT AND DOG LIFE."

A boarding-house for cats and dogs is being "run" at Wiam Green.

On a large board outside the house the terms for Miss Pussy and Master Fido are painted in large letters.

Cats, 2s. a week. Dogs, 2s. 6d. a week. Cats and dogs specialists in attendance every day.

The house is for pets whose owners during times of absence on holidays or business want to be sure the dear animals are safe.

Below is the tariff for both cat and dog boarders: Cats.—Milk, boiled fish, lights, boiled meat, milk puddings.

Dogs.—Dog biscuit, bones, a little meat, water.

AUTHORESS'S FORGOTTEN LETTERS.

Forgotten letters, beginning "Dearest Willie," to a Mr. White were again referred to in Mr. Justice Pickford's court yesterday, when the hearing was resumed of the action brought by the Commercial Bank of Australia against Miss Cora Minnetta, novelist, poetess and playwright, and her secretary, Mr. Herbert Cowell, to recover bank-notes stolen by a cashier.

Mr. Gregory, Miss Minnetta's counsel, referring to the fact that the previous day she had first denied, and then admitted the authorship of the letters in question, said that he had been desired by her to repeat her statement that she had forgotten all about the letters.

The Judge pointed out that it was a whole series of affectionate letters that she had forgotten.

Mr. Justice Pickford reserved judgment.

MR. BONAR LAW'S BROTHER IN PERIL

BELFAST, March 3.—While Dr. W. K. Law, a brother of Mr. Bonar Law, M.P., was driving a spirited mare in Coleraine, the animal bolted and the wheel of the brougham became locked in one of the iron screen poles of a shop.

The mare lashed out furiously with both hind legs, but Mr. Law managed to scramble from the vehicle unhurt.

'PESTERED' REVUE GIRLS

Magistrate Says Young Women on the Stage Must Be Protected.

A stage-door struggle and the alleged "pestering" of revue girls was described at Westminster Police Court yesterday, when

John Denton, forty-six, baggage porter and assistant hall-keeper at the Victoria Palace, Victoria-street, S.W., was charged with causing injury to Renato Jacquarino, a young Brazilian, of independent means, staying at a West End hotel.

Prosecutor, who spoke English imperfectly, stated that he was at the stage-door of the Victoria Palace at 11.30 on Monday night waiting for one of the young women engaged in the revue, when prisoner told him to "clear out," and immediately followed this up with several violent blows on his face.

The stage manager at the Victoria Palace was asked by Mr. Francis: "Do you know anything of the prosecutor?" He replied:—

Yes, I saw him myself inside the stage-door, and I asked him to go out. He had no business whatever there. We have a number of girls employed in a revue, and the nuisance from men hanging about the stage-door has been considerable.

I am informed that prosecutor has been lettering about night after night, and after one of the girls in the revue, and he has been told to stay outside the theatre.

Prisoner gave evidence, stating that he had warned prosecutor a number of times to keep away from the stage door and not to pester the girls.

"He is one of those young fellows who will interfere with the girls—those he does not know," witness added. "He gets their names from the programme, and then sends messages pressing his unwelcome attentions."

"There must be some protection afforded to young women employed at the stage," remarked Mr. Francis, who stated that all he should do was to bind defendant over and order him to pay the doctor's fee.

PEEPING JUDGE.

Chance Look from Window Leads to Evidence Being Tested.

"My test of the boy's evidence showed that he learned it off by heart, taught by his mother," said Mr. Justice Bargarve Deane in a husband's suit for divorce yesterday.

The petitioner, William Calder Brown, a painter and decorator, of Westminster, cited as co-respondent Samuel Palmer, who had been in his employment.

At the earlier hearing the Judge had stated that from his private window he had observed a group of witnesses in the case in the quadrangle.

He saw Mrs. Brown speak to her son, a lad, and address the co-respondent in an excited manner, shaking her finger at him.

The Judge's comment was that what he had seen had so prejudiced him that he must adjourn the hearing of the petition for some days.

When the boy was in the witness-box yesterday his Lordship asked him at the conclusion of his evidence to repeat a statement he had made at the beginning. Had he got it by heart?

The Judge: Are you the boy your mother was talking to outside the court when the case was on before?—Yes, sir.

Mr. Grazebrook (for the petitioner): Did your mother go out of court and speak to you this morning?—No, sir.

Who was the person outside the court to whom she spoke?—(The boy gave a name.)

The Judge, in granting the petitioner a decree nisi, said that on the first day when he adjourned the case he saw from his window what he thought was intimidation of witnesses.

WILD SCENE IN NIGHT CLUB.

A wild scene in a night club—the Mimosas Club, Leicester-square—was described at Bowcourt yesterday, when Ferdinand Moxaux, a director of the club, was charged with assaulting Miss Hilda Raymond, of Sydney-street, South Kensington.

Miss Raymond said she went to the club at 4 a.m., and at 5.30 a.m. an "avalanche" started owing to some American girls objecting to black men being on the premises, and glasses were thrown.

As witness, who had taken no part in the disturbance, was about to leave the defendant struck her on the face and chest several times, causing her to fall on the ground in a swoon.

The magistrate, who ordered accused to pay a fine of 40s and 20s costs, said he was happy to think there was enough evidence to call the attention of the police to the disorders in this night house.

THE KING AT FRENCH REVIEW.

PARIS, March 3.—The papers state that on April 22 during his visit to Paris King George will be present at the review of the army and the Vincennes manoeuvre ground.—Central News.

On Page 14.—How to Tell Real from Sham Bargains—"The Daily Mirror" Series of Shopping Demonstrations; Municipal Chaporons for Lovers.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Fresh or strong westerly winds; cloudy and showery to fair time; possibly rather cold.

Lighting-up time: 6.42 p.m. High-water at London Bridge: 10 P.M.

LONDON OBSERVATIONS, Holborn-circle, City, 6 p.m.:—Barometer, 29.95in., falling steadily; temperature, 47deg.; wind, S.W. moderate; weather, fair, dry and hazy.

Sea passages will be moderate.



Lady Constance Lytton.

A Sheep's Convert.
I have been reading Lady Constance Lytton's book of suffragette experiences, "Prisons and Prisoners," which is published to-day by William Heinemann. In a publisher's note at the beginning of the volume he disclaims agreement with some of his author's views.

Lady Constance says that her thoughts were first seriously turned to the woman's cause by seeing a frightened runaway sheep chased through the streets of Littlehampton. "It seemed to reveal to me for the first time the position of women throughout the world," she writes. "I realised how often women are held in contempt as beings outside the pale of human dignity."

The Origin of Jane Warton.

She tells among other things how she tried to tattoo "Votes for Women" on herself while in prison. She did this with a darning needle, but only succeeded in completing the first letter.

She also explains why she chose the name Jane Warton as that under which to hide her identity at Liverpool. Warburton was the name of a distant relative who wrote a congratulatory letter to her when she came out of Holloway. She chose this first, but discarded the middle syllable to make the name seem less distinguished. Jane she adapted from Joan, Joan of Arc.

The Energetic Press Agent.

The New York papers are full just now of the exploits of one Flynn, an energetic Press agent, and his client, Dorothy Dale, who was to have made her debut on the music-hall stage in America a week or so ago.

Flynn felt he must engineer something really striking to bring publicity to his client. The first thing was to collect a crowd. So, at eleven o'clock one morning, he telephoned the police that a woman had shot and killed a man in Broadway.

Publicity, Anyhow.

In a few moments a small army of police, reporters and ambulance men was on the spot. When the crowd had swelled to huge proportions Mr. Flynn and Miss Dale stepped out from a neighbouring house. She hit him in the face, saying he had insulted her, and the police rushed forward and arrested the two, while the photographers took pictures.

At the police station the lady, of course, refused to prosecute. But here the authorities began to ask questions, with the result that the two are now charged with causing a public disturbance. But they got their publicity.

The Joneses.

To-night is Mr. Edgar Jones's turn to come into prominence in the House of Commons, for at a quarter-past eight he is to move a resolution for the appointment of a Select Committee on redistribution.

The son of a Baptist minister, Mr. Jones takes a keen interest in the temperance and Y.M.C.A. movements. He sits for Merthyr Tydfil, the representation of which he shares with Mr. Keir Hardie. His Liberal colleague in the next electoral battle will be another Mr. Jones—Mr. Thomas Artemus Jones. Two Jones M.P.s. for one constituency would, I think, be a record.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Changes at Buckingham Palace.

The old order of drabness and solemnity is changing at Buckingham Palace. Not for many years has there been so much entertaining as there is at the present time—entertaining which includes one or two striking innovations.

The most interesting is the decision of the King and Queen to give a series of small dinner-parties to their more intimate friends. Hitherto, it has been the custom of the King to entertain only male guests at the Palace.

The new dinner-parties will commence next week, when there will be two, and it is likely that they will take place almost weekly. Moreover, they are supplementary, and will not take the place of the other parties.

Mr. Benson and Girls.

I see that Mr. E. F. Benson, the novelist, has been saying some caustic things about the modern girl. He thinks that she would rather go to the British Museum and study beetles or play at golf than think about marriage.

He complains that the modern girl does not want to get married. I am afraid Mr. Benson does not know quite so much about the girl of to-day as he did about the girls of "Dodo's" generation.

"Dodo."

The success of "Dodo," you may remember, was largely due to the fact that the social world identified that heroine as a lady who is now the wife of one of the best-known men in England.

At the time she was one of the wittiest young women in London, and her wit was not always kindly. It is said that, somewhat piqued by Mr. Benson's essay in portraiture, she revenged herself by reproducing an incident from the novel. She invited Mr. Benson to dinner, and, when he called, was out of town.

Rags.

All our play-writers seem to be preaching nowadays. After seeing "Daughters of Ishmael" on Sunday night I went to the Court Theatre on Monday afternoon to see Mr. Arthur Applin's play called "Rags." This is another "preaching" drama. The audience, too, giggled at some of the sermonising.



Miss Edith Olive.

Always Bedrooms.
Before "Rags" we had a one-act dream play capitally acted by Miss Edith Olive. But here again we had the ever-present bedroom, which seems now to be an essential of modern drama. It is all bedrooms and sermonising nowadays.

Kipling Didn't Know, Though.

Everyone will be sorry to read that Rudyard Kipling is indisposed at Verney les Bains.

Many years ago, when he was lying ill in an American hotel, a newspaper correspondent I know had rooms in the same hotel. He arranged with a porter to give him news of the illustrious invalid's progress. "Let me know if there is any serious change in Mr. Kipling's condition, and I'll give you five dollars," he said. "Make it twenty and I'll kill him for you," said the callous porter.

To-day's Grumble.

I have a grumble from Sir William Soulsby, the Lord Mayor's secretary, to-day. Sir William's grievance is against the Tubes. He writes:—

"I should like to know why, when a great demonstration in Hyde Park on a Sunday is publicly advertised, the Tube Railway only runs what are called 'short trains'—those of only two or three carriages, instead of the usual seven?"

Pandemonium.

"On Sunday there was a demonstration in Hyde Park, at which 100,000 people, or more, were present. The Tube stations, Marble Arch and Bond-street, were afterwards so densely packed with people that neither they could be admitted to the already full 'short train' nor those already in the train (from stations further west) able to alight.

"The scene was pandemonium. Why could not an experience of this kind be avoided by ordinary foresight by the Tube authorities?"

Men's Wear.

Here are two news items from Saville-row. Neckties for men are going to be much lighter this year. In fact, the dark cravat will practically disappear. Small black and white check suits and trousers will be generally popular. This is a return to the old "sponge-bag" days of our fathers' time.

Ox Limb Soup.

The Canadians are a terribly modest folk. A traveller just back from Toronto tells me he saw on a bill of fare at a restaurant there "Ox limb soup."

"Do you mean ox tail soup?" he asked the waiter. "If so, why don't you say so?"

"Hush!" said the waiter, looking shocked, "it's so unrefined."

Lord Lonsdale, Boxer.

Lord Lonsdale, who was one of the most interested spectators at last night's boxing match, is quite a good hand at a rough and tumble "scrap" himself.

Some years ago some roughs set upon him one night in the West End when he was accompanied by his close personal friend, the German Crown Prince. The Prince was astounded at his companion's prowess with the knuckles.

Horsehoes for Luck.

Sporting people are invariably superstitious. Yesterday both Blake and Wells were inundated with mascots from anonymous well-wishers. "I don't know why people are sending us so many horsehoes," said Mr. Pritchard yesterday morning. "Do they think we can put them into the gloves?"

A Little Mistake.

"Isn't that girl in the black doublet—I mean the one with the golden curls—simply sweet?" exclaimed an innocent young thing in her teens at the Palace Theatre on Monday night. "Hush, my dear," said her elderly companion, "that's not a girl—that's a gentleman—that's Mr. Nijinsky!"

A Real Hostess.

One hears very little of Lady Bryce, wife of our late Ambassador at Washington, who presided over the Royal Medical Benefit Fund Guild yesterday. She was a Miss Ashton, of Fordbank, near Manchester, and to her devotion and help much of her husband's success was due.

In America she was regarded as the true example of English womanhood, and was said to model her ideas and her tastes upon those of Queen Mary.

Lady Bryce inherits American blood through her mother. She is opposed to woman's suffrage, and was known in Washington as "the one Englishwoman who could entertain."

The Meanest Man.

I met an eminent writer yesterday who had just lunched at a restaurant with a host he described as "the meanest man in London."

"When we sat down to lunch," said the eminent one, "my host said, 'What will you drink?' The champagne's very poor here, but they have the finest water in London from their own artesian well"—and we had it!

Another Theatre Wedding.

A little more five o'clock tea gossip. I told you about the sensational theatrical divorce case which we may expect shortly. Now look out for an interesting theatrical wedding. The bride is a lady who is now making a great success in one of the musical comedies. This will be her last theatrical engagement, and, after marriage, she will retire from the stage.

The Return of the Native.

I had a chat with a man yesterday who has been absent from London since 1892. Before then he was what is commonly called "a man about town." Now he has been staying in London for three months, and he finds it a strange city.

"The whole of the West End has altered beyond knowledge," he said. "The music-halls have practically disappeared; you can't see a music-hall entertainment now in London."

"The theatres have changed, too. The plays are not so solid. The clubs seem to have emptied. The man who used to spend his afternoons staring through a club window in Piccadilly or Pall Mall seems extinct."

Nerves and Alcohol.

I was talking the other day to Mr. George R. Sims about the decay of drinking in England. He ascribes it very largely to the nerve-shattering hurry of modern life.

"In the old days in Fleet-street," said Mr. Sims, "if a leader writer did not rise up to his customary standard of brilliance they used to send him out with instructions to get drunk. They thought people wrote better like that. Nowadays, with motors and telephones, electric trains and telegrams, no one's nerves could stand the old quantities of alcohol."

The Great Unknow.

How few of our leading politicians are known by sight to Londoners! On Monday night I travelled west by the Underground. At Westminster Station Mr. Austen Chamberlain, smoking a cigar and looking more like his famous father than ever, stepped into a third-class smoker. Not a soul seemed to know him!

THE RAMBLER.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI.—Strand. Every Evening, at 8.15. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Musical Production. **THE GIRL FROM UTAH**. Matinee, Weds. 2.30. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tels. 2845 and 8886 Ger.

ALDWYCH.—THE QUEEN'S CHAMPION. Evening, at 8. Matinee, Wednesdays, 2.30.

AMBASADORS.—To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. **TOLSTOY'S GREAT RUSSIAN DRAMA**, "ANNA KARENINA".

Matinee, Weds. 2.30. (Regent 2890, 4925).

APOLLO.—3.45. **CHARLES HAWTREY** IN NEVER SAY DIE by W. H. Post. 2.20, 8.20. "The Quod Wangle". Mat. (both plays), Weds., Sat., 2.20.

COMEDY.—THE TYRANNY OF TEARS. By G. Haddon. Chamberlains, 2.30.

CRITERION.—To-day, at 3 and 9. "A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS", by Cyril Harcourt. Allan Armstrong, Little Venice, San Sebastian, and Bell. At 2.30, 8.30. "State Secrets". Matinee, Weds. and Sat.

DALY'S.—To-day, at 2 and 8. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Production. **THE MARRIAGE MARKET**. Musical Play in 3 Acts. MATINEE, WEDNESDAYS, at 2.

DRURY LANE.—To-day, 1.30 and 7.30. Last 2 Matinees. To-day and Sat., 1.30. **THE GLORIOUS BEAUTY RE-AWAKENED**. GEORGE GRAVES and FLORENCE SMITHSON. LAST 4 NIGHTS.

DUKE OF YORK'S.—To-night, at 8.30. **Charlie Frohman's THE LAND OF PROMISE**, by W. M. Maughan. MATINEE, EVERY THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 2.

GAIETY.—To-night, at 8. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' New Production. **AFTER THE GIRL**. Matinee, Every Saturday, at 2. Box-office, 10 to 10.

GARRICK.—At 2.45 and 8.45. Louis Meyer presents **WHO'S THE LADY?**. At 2.15 and 8.15. "The Quaints". Matinee, Weds. and Sat., at 2.45.

HAYMARKET.—WITHIN THE LAW. To-day, 3 and 8. Produced by Sir Herbert Tree. At 2.30, 8.30. **A Dear Little Wife**. Mat., Weds., Thurs., Sat.

HIS MAJESTY'S. To-day, 2.15 and 8.15. **THE DABBLING OF THE GODS**.

HERBERT MARIE LOHR. Matinee Weds. and Sat., at 2.15. Tel. Ger. 1777.

KINGSWAY.—THE GREAT ADVENTURE, by Arnold Bennett. 2.30, 8.20. Mat., Weds., Sat.

LITTLE THEATRE, John St., Strand.—3 and 9. **KENYON FOSTER** presents "MAGGIE" by G. R. HERTFORD. 2.30 and 8.30. "The Music Cure", by BERNARD SHAW. Mat., Weds., Sat., 2.30. City 4227.

LYCEUM.—YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU. To-night, 7.45. Mat., Weds. and Sat., 2.30. NEW DRAMA, by Percy Gordon Holmes. Produced by Walter and Edith Melville. Prices, 50 to 5s. Ger. 7617.

NEW.—To-night, 8.15. **THE JOY RIDE LADY**. Music by JEAN GILBERT. Mat., Weds., Sat., 2.30.

PLAYHOUSE.—3 and 9. Miss MARIE TEMPEST presents **THE MARRIAGE OF KIPP**. 2.30 and 8.30. Mr. Warrick Price. Mat., Weds., Sat.

PRINCE OF WALES.—To-day, 2.30 and 8.45. **BROADWAY JONES**, by George N. Colman. At 2.30 and 8.30. The Magic and the Magic. MATINEE EVERY WED. and SAT., at 2.30.

PRINCE'S.—To-night, at 8. Matinee, Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30. **WALTER HOBARDS** New Romantic Play, **THE STORY OF THE ROSARY**. Prices, 6d. to 5s. 5993 Ger.

ROYALTY.—8.50. "PEGGY AND HER HUSBAND". 8.15. "Acid Drops". DENNIS EADIE, GLADYS COOPER. Mat., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S.—To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. **THE SUTRO**. To-morrow (Thurs.), at 2.30. **GEORGE ALEXANDER**. MATHEA HEDMAN. First Matinee, Wednesday Next, March 11, at 2.30.

SAVOY.—MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Produced by GRANVILLE BARKER. Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.30.

SHAFESBURY.—THE PEARL CITY. To-day, at 2 and 8. MAT., WEDS. and SATS., at 2.

STRAND.—To-day, 2.45 and 9. Louis Meyer presents **MR. WU**, a New Anglo-Chinese Play. **MATHESON LANG**. JULIAN BRADTHWAIT. 2.15, 8.30. THE ENTERTAINERS. Mat., Weds., Sat.

VAUDEVILLE, Strand.—To-day, 3 and 9. **HELEN WATKINS** and **HERB HAN** by Richard Pryce. Adapted from Arnold Bennett's Novel. 2.30, 8.30. Frederic Norton. Mat., Weds., Sat., 2.30.

WYNDHAM'S.—2 and 8. **DIPLOMACY**, by Victorien Sardou. MATS. WEDS. SATS., at 2.

ALHAMBRA.—LAMB'S STAIRCASE. Varieties, 8.15. Revue, 8.55. Matinee, Wed. and Sat., 2.15. Reduced prices.

HIPPEDROME.—Twice daily, at 2.30 and 8 p.m. **HULLIO**, TANGOT, Ethen Levery, Shirley Kelly, Gerald Kirby, Teddy Gerrard, Morris Harvey, etc. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. 650 Ger.

PALACE.—NIJINSKY, the famous Premier Dancer in "LES SYLPHIDES" and "LES ROZETTES DE LA BOITE". SUNDAYMARE and IRENE BORDON in "L'IMPRESARIO". ALMA LAWEA. Mat., Weds., Thursday and Sat., at 2. Full Progr. Evenings, at 8.

PALLADIUM.—6.10 and 9.10. Mon., Wed. and Sat., 2.30, 8.10 and 9.10. **BABALY GAMMON**, EUGENE STRATTON, **THE GREENE MAIDS** SCOTT, **GEORGES CARVEY**, **VICTORIA MONS**, SAM MAYO.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—A GRAND CONCERT. To-night, at 8. **SQUIRE'S CHILDREN'S CHOIR**, 60 voices. Starting on great risk. 4 seasons. Cinema, etc. Theatre, "MAY GOES FIRST", 3 and 7.45. Return fare and Palace admission, 1s. 2d.

MASKELINE & DE VANT'S MYSTERIES. At George Hall, Oxford-circuit, W. Daily, at 3 and 8. "RIP". (The Motor Cycle Mystery). "THE YOGI'S STAIR" etc. Sat., 8.15 to 10. Mayfair, 1545.

AERO and MARINE Exhibition, Olympia. March 16th to 25th. Open 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Patron, H.M. The King. Admission, One Shilling. Popular Lectures on Aviation. Free Cinema-graph.

WITH CAPT. SCOTT IN THE ANTARCTIC. Herbert G. Ponting at Philharmonic Hall, Great Portland. Twice daily, 3 and 9. Thrilling Story of Unexplored Regions. 1s. to 5s. 3003 Mayfair.

DANCING.

MISS MIGNON WIGHT, Member Imperial Society, Walton, Boston, etc. 6 private lessons, 21 1s. TANGO, MAXINE, 5 private lessons, 21 1s. Beguine and practice classes—10, Clarendon, Richmond, Earl's Court.

RINKING.

CRICKLEWOOD SKATING RINK.—Tel. 1530. Hampton, Open 3 p.m. Daily, At, 6d. Skating, 6d. Sunday Club, 5 and 7 p.m. Membership 1s. Next Grand Carnival, March 5. Valuable Prizes.

HOUSES TO LET.

The longer you pay rent the more money you waste! I apply to-day for "Personal Ownership," which will be sent post-free to applicants mentioning "Daily Mirror." Address, The Managers, 246, Bishopsgate, E.C.

HOW A NOTED ARTIST'S MODEL REDUCED HER WEIGHT 36 POUNDS IN FIVE WEEKS.

After Having to Give Up Her Calling Owing to Excessive Fat, she Discovered a Harmless Drugless Method which Gave Back to Her the Figure That Made Her Famous.

OFFERS INTERESTING BOOK FREE WHICH TELLS HOW ANYONE CAN EASILY REDUCE THEMSELVES BY THIS METHOD IN THEIR OWN HOME WITHOUT THE KNOWLEDGE OF ANYONE.

Double Chin and Fat Hips Go Quickly.



Over 25,000
Women
have reduced
their weight
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Isn't this
convincing
proof of the
value of her
great
discovery?



You, too, can reduce yourself even more than this by the same process if you so desire. No Drugs! No Starvation Diet! No Tiresome Exercises!

Miss Winifred Grace Hartland, the famous artist's model, is again the proud possessor of the ideal figure which made her so popular a model with artists and sculptors the world over.

A year ago she had become so fleshy that she was forced to give up posing. Friends persuaded her to try various fat cures, which she did, but without success. At last, when nearly at the point of despair, she took the task of removing her fat upon her own self, and after months of trials and repeated failures she eventually discovered a way that reduced her weight at the rate of a pound per day, without the use of drugs, starvation diet, tireless exercises, or other outlandish methods which are often tried, but which invariably prove useless.

It is no trouble, no bother, yet it seems to work like magic. It strengthens the heart, enabling easy breathing, relieves that stuffy feeling, and reduces double chin, large stomach and fat hips quickly and safely. In fact, the general health is improved right from the start. Many of Miss Hartland's customers look from 10 to 15 years younger since they have taken her treatment.

Her method is so simple and harmless that it is a wonder someone has not thought of applying this means long ago. Several of her friends have tried this process with the same astonishing results, and there seems to be no question but that she has hit upon the only safe and sane way ever discovered for over-stout people for removing their excessive fat.

She has most reluctantly yielded to the persuasion of her enthusiastic friends to publish a book showing the means she employed to reduce herself to such beautiful proportions, after losing the shapeliness of her figure through superfluous fat. The first copies of this interesting book are just off the press, and are certainly a work of art. The book is written in extremely fascinating style, and contains some very fine illustrations of this famous

model. It is wonderfully instructive, and there is no doubt but that it will prove of great benefit to the over-stout.

Miss Hartland, who has considerable means, has kindly consented to send a copy of her book free



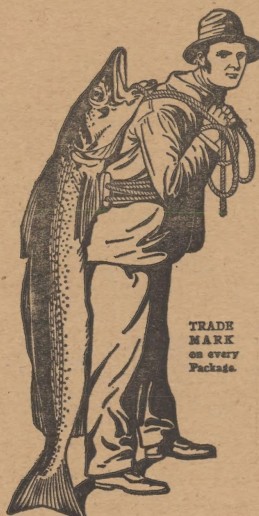
Illustrated Book which explains her method now offered FREE for the first time. Send for Copy To-day.

to anyone interested in her discovery. All she asks is that a penny stamp be enclosed for postage. Simply state that you would like a copy of her book, "Weight Reduction Without Drugs," and address your letter to Miss Winifred Grace Hartland (Dept. 645), 62, Oxford Street, London, W.

A grand builder-up.

If building up meant solely the formation of fatty tissue many preparations could claim to be equal to SCOTT'S. But, if building up means the strengthening and developing of every part of the body—no preparation can justly claim such a long and world-wide record as a builder-up of delicate men, women, children and babies.

"My little girl had a very nasty cough, refused all nourishment, and was only being kept alive on brandy and the white of egg. In a week's time after commencing SCOTT'S, she was putting on flesh and her arms and legs were much firmer. She has had no relapse. I am most thankful that I gave SCOTT'S Emulsion a trial." (Signed) Mrs. Mabel Philpot, 26 Archbishop's Place, Brixton Hill, S.W. 23/1/13.



TRADE
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Package

SCOTT'S Emulsion is not only a flesh former, but a builder-up of muscle, bones and brain—a lung strengthener as well as a healing curative agent. During teething period, after illness, when weakly and ill, or as a protector against winter changes—there is need for

SCOTT'S Emulsion

Inferior imitations and cod liver oils of uncertain quality lead to disappointment, if not despair. Therefore, ask for SCOTT'S.—See the fishman on the package and refuse inferior imitations if offered for the sake of extra profit.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

SCRUBB'S AMMONIA MARVELLOUS PREPARATION

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath. Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites. Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery. Softens Hard Water.
Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.
SCRUBB & CO., LTD., GUILDFORD STREET, LONDON, S.E.

This baby has cut two teeth without trouble, and has never cried at night.

Reproduction of actual photo referred to in letter.



A London Mother gives her happy experience.

To Messrs. Woodward,
7, Gairolah Road, Camberwell, S.E.,
January 18th, 1914.
Dear Sirs,—I am sending you a photo of our baby girl, who is 7½ months old. Weighing 23lbs., she is fed on the breast and Woodward's Gripe Water only. She has got two teeth, which she cut without any trouble at all, and has never cried one night yet. We started using your wonderful Gripe Water when she was three weeks old, and have used it ever since. Our baby is the talk of Camberwell, and we tell people it is only through your Gripe Water she is so good. You can see the photo in any way which will advertise your Gripe Water, as I am confident it is that which has made my baby so bouncy. I am recommending it to all my friends.
Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) S. O. ADDIS.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES. Price 1/1½.

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER

SHOE SALE

HAVE YOU BEEN?

THE FASHIONABLE STYLES which we are offering at such BARGAIN PRICES are being thoroughly appreciated by all discriminating shoppers.

This much is proved by the eager crowds that daily throng our immense store at

21 22 Sloane St S.W.

This year our Sale bids fair to make all previous records look very small indeed.

Pressure of business during our Sale period precludes the possibility of our executing Post Orders.

LONDON SHOE CO. LTD.

By AN ANONYMOUS AUTHOR.

The Window of Life.

CHAPTER II.

The Fool's Paradise.


CHAPTER III.

"The Greatest Thing in the World."

CHAPTER IV.

The Bolt from the Blue.

(Continued on page 13.)

TEL. 250 GEN.		THE PARADE HIGH ST. LONDON		Feb 1st 1914	
		Mrs Smith			
Bt of JOHN JONES		High Class Meat Purveyor			
3½ lbs.	Sirloin of Beef		3	0	
2½ lbs.	Neck of Mutton		2	6	
1½ lbs.	Best Steak		1	2	
		£	8	8	
			6	8	

See what you can save if
you use Yorkshire Relish.

How to cut down your Butchers' Bills

WE 'did'nt want to do it,' but we're afraid that what we have to say to-day may seem a little hard on our very good friends the butchers.

In a couple of words we want to tell you how your butchers' bills may be reduced, and yet your meals be more enjoyable, equally digestible, and just as nourishing as before, indeed, perhaps more so. And the couple of words are—

Yorkshire Relish

For Yorkshire Relish 'has a way with it' of making tempting dishes out of almost nothing—of livening up food that otherwise would go untouched—of making meat enjoyable to the last scrap. It is the last word in all-round economy. Buy a bottle to-day.

Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/-, and 2/- per bottle.

"Good Things," our 100-Page Cookery Book, Free.
SOLE PROPRIETORS: GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., LEEDS*



The Great Jar

of tough, unyielding heels on stony pavements all too often means distress and irritation by the end of day.

Get Wood-Milnes fixed to your heels and then you note the difference!

Keep them on your heels and see how much you save!

Wood-Milne

RUBBER HEELS AND TIPS.

Health, Comfort, and Economy, all point to Wood-Milnes—the most resilient, most durable rubber heels in the world.

If you golf, try the "White Chief" Golf Ball at 2/- Guaranteed equal to any 2/6 ball made.

Wood-Milne Rubber Heels are made in many varieties in black, brown and grey rubber, at prices to suit all, and all reliable.



Three Packets of Flower Seeds GIVEN AWAY!

Sweet Peas & Virginian Stock!

The gardening opportunity of the year! "HORNER'S WEEKLY" gives FREE Sweet Pea Seeds TO-DAY—Virginian Stock next week and Sweet Peas again the week after. The Seeds are of the famous "One and All" brand and will grow well in any soil producing a glorious crop of lovely bloom. Start to make your garden beautiful AT ONCE by getting the Sweet Pea Seeds which are GIVEN AWAY with every copy of TO-DAY'S issue of

HORNER'S WEEKLY

Paper and Seeds. One Penny.

Satisfied at Last

It is a common experience for a mother to try several foods for her baby before finding the right one. How much better it would be, for baby and mother alike, if the right food could be given at first.

Savory and Moore's Food has so often proved to be the only food baby could take, though many others were tried, that it has very special claims to be regarded as the "right" food, and the mother who decides to give it a trial before experimenting with others will never regret doing so. She will find baby will take to it at once and thrive so well on it that she will be relieved of all further trouble and anxiety.

This is not a random statement. It is supported by the evidence of hundreds of mothers, given gratefully and voluntarily, of which the two letters below are typical examples.



TESTIMONY.

26, Centre-st., Grimsbury, Banbury.

"I am pleased to say your Infants' Food suits my baby splendidly. I had tried several much advertised and very expensive foods, but they did not suit him at all. With some he suffered terribly with wind and constipation, while other foods gave him diarrhoea. He was a very tiny child, but at the rate he is now progressing he will compare very favourably with much larger and more robust children at birth. He sleeps well and is very happy and contented."

Mrs. Tibbles.

198, Oxford-st., Stepney, E.

"At 6 months old my baby weighed only 7½lb., through vomiting all her food.

"I tried quite a dozen different foods, but all to no purpose, until I was recommended Savory and Moore's, and since then she has rapidly put on flesh, weighing now at a twelvemonth 22½lb. I have recommended it to three of my friends, who are still using it, and cannot speak too highly of it."

Mrs. Rosenberg.

SAMPLE FOR 3d. POST FREE.

A Special Trial Tin of Savory and Moore's Food, with full particulars, will be sent by return on receipt of 3d. in stamps for postage. Mention "The Daily Mirror," and address—Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, New Bond-st., London.

SAVORY & MOORE'S FOOD

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising and General Business Offices of The Daily Mirror are at 25-29, BOULEVARD STREET, LONDON, E.C. TELEPHONES: 6100 Holborn (five lines). PROVINCIAL CALLS: 125 T.S. London. TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflected," Fleet, London. PARIS OFFICE: 26, Rue du Sentier.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1914.

COINCIDENCES.

IN a lecture about the drama Mr. Shaw has just described life as "a tissue of coincidences": which is the sort of condemnation that the Higher Critics usually reserve for plays. "How unreal!" (they say); "how impossible! A mass of coincidences!" In other words, a melodrama.

What is a melodrama? It is a drama over which events preside. Instead of the plot coming from the characters, and seeming to be determined by their development, plot comes first and characterisation second, or not at all. And the Higher Critics, who demand "a clash of wills" and a development of character, are very cross about it, and dismiss melodrama with the remark that it is unreal and unlike life.

We do not know, however, that, when you have said so much, you have said much against melodrama. Plenty of delightful things are quite unlike life—quite unlike the sort of boring thing that usually happens. It might not be half a bad thing if life were to become, in some ways, more like melodrama. Coincidences help it to become so. But when they happen, we of the common world, who are not Higher Critics, are so perverse as to exclaim: "Quite like a play!" and to treat coincidences as "dramatic"; whereas, when they come into a drama we condemn them as "unlike life."

Isn't it, then, time that we decided about coincidences—whether they're lifelike or dreamlike, real or impossible? Do we agree with Mr. Shaw that life is mainly composed of them?

That will depend on the character of the man who answers.

If you're an eminently strong-minded person, you will seem to yourself, as you dash hither and thither in violent vehicles that range from motor-omnibuses to motor-cars, to be moulding your own destiny, to be making events conform to the pattern you imagine you've framed for them. And when anything quite unforeseen occurs you will mark it as a coincidence; but also as an exception.

On the other hand, if you are more sensitive than self-willed, more instinctive than active, if you listen and watch and feel more often than you interfere and plan and perform, then what to the other man seemed determinations of his will, to you will seem gifts of chance, falling like rain upon the just and unjust. You will perceive that, whenever you want to escape notice, the very person you don't want to see you will see you. When you have the Duke to dinner, the poor relative will call from the work-house. Most mortifying! A coincidence. . . . Meanwhile, the other man, no doubt, would have told the butler—such men abound in butlers—to exclude the poor relative from his hall. The same event will be, to one mind, an unlucky chance that no one could have foreseen; to another, a mistake that must never happen again. W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Happiness consists in loving, not in being loved: being loved can only make one conceited and selfish; love is the true Jacob's ladder that reaches from earth to heaven: the one rope extended to us poor creatures to draw us from the pit in which we are struggling, to raise us above the perpetual changes and miseries of life to a knowledge of Beauty and Truth and Purity and Peace. —Mandell Creighton.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

CHILDREN AND HELL.

THE book in question is written by a Catholic priest with (presumably) the permission of his Bishop. May I suggest to your indignant readers that it is only fair to take the father's utterances along with the rest of the teaching of the Church on this point. May I point out—

1. To say that the language in itself is unfit for children's ears is pure bunkum. Our fairy-tales are full of ogres cooking little boys for dinner, and such horrors. We read them with relish as children, and were not a bit the worse for doing so.

2. To be deprived of God for ever (the result of unrepented sin) is a horror far outweighing any physical torture the imagination can invent. It is quite legitimate to paint hell vividly as an incentive to children to avoid sin; for

3. The Church provides, in absolutism, a means of being certain, at any moment, that past sins

THE "MIRROR" FOR MISSIONARIES.

WOULD you allow me to appeal to the readers of your paper in order to get them to post their copies after having read them to missionaries working in isolated parts of Canada? I have several applications on hand from such missionaries which I am not able to supply. An address of one who asks for the paper will be given by me.

(REV.) W. ERNEST HOBBS.

20, Westbourne Gardens, W.

HOW HE PROPOSED.

HE came to me one afternoon at tea-time and, when tea came in, dropped his cup.

Then he said very suddenly: "Will you marry me?"

I said: "Well, no; do you know, I'm afraid I can't." He said: "Oh, why not?" I said:

WHEN VICTORIAN FASHIONS COME TO LIFE AGAIN . . .



As in a vision—or rather a nightmare—our cartoonist has seen the horsehair age returning in the full light of the Twentieth Century.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

are forgiven. A person can therefore put himself by necessary absolute out of all danger. Terrors are no longer terrors if you know they can't touch you! X.

WITH reference to the discussion of this book, "The Floor of Hell," "E. L." writes, "More and more the belief of hell is being abandoned by Christians."

Surely she is mistaken, for the word Christian means a believer and disciple of Christ, and as hell is part of the Christian doctrine, how can an unbeliever claim this title? It is very comfortable (and not difficult for some) to persuade oneself that hell is a myth, but all true Christians know only too well that it is a stern reality.

Some people are good out of pure love of God (and certainly this is the most perfect), some from remorse, and others from fear. God is mercifully infinitely merciful, but He is also just, and will "render unto every man according to his works." Children ought to be taught this while they are still little, for "the child is father to the man."

One does not need to have a "demoniacal imagination" to write about the torments of hell. No one knows exactly of what these consist, but we do know there is fire, and no one could adequately describe the sufferings of the damned, far less exaggerate them. M. B.

"Well, do you know, I like you and all that very much, but I don't feel I could marry you." He said: "I say, I'm awfully sorry." I said: "So am I." Then the conversation languished, till he left.

But perhaps your readers only wanted to hear about proposals that have been accepted? I am sorry that mine have hitherto been the other sort. REFUSED HIM. Bankton-gardens, S.W.

ANTICIPATION.

Flowers peep, tree buds, boughs tremble, rivers run: The wedding day, it is a glorious morn. Blue are thy heavens, thou highest and thy sun Shines without cloud, all dross. How sweetly, borne On wings of morning o'er the leafless thorn, The tiny wren's small twitter warbles near! How swiftly flashes in the stream the trout! Woodhens! our father's ever-watchful ear! Knows, by thy rustle, that thy leaves are out. The trailing humble hath not yet a sprout; Yet harshly to the wind the wren's prate. Not with thy smooth lip, woodhens of the shade! Thou future treasure of the bee, that waits Gladly on Thee, Spring's harbinger! when yields All bounteous earth her odorous flowers, and buds The nightingale, in beauty's fairest land. —EDMUND SPILLER.

WITHOUT A JOB.

How Some of Our Readers Have Sought and Found Remunerative Work.

I AM greatly interested in your correspondence upon what people do (or don't do) when they are out of jobs. To watch a man when he is "on the rocks" is surely the most interesting study possible in human character. This is what most tests a man's faith and endurance.

I am an employer of some dozens of people—many of them young men—and I am sometimes given to advertising in the Press for "respectable youths" to come into the business. This has given me some experience in the manner in which people apply for jobs. Some wait several days and then write (on very dirty bits of paper) to say that they are hard up and have been hard up for years. Now I am by no means making it a fault in a man that he is hard up. Still, from a business man's point of view, it has to be admitted that the being hard up is not in itself a qualification for a job—still less one that has been hard up for years. Why hard up for so long? Does nobody want him? Probably something wrong!

So thinks the average employer. Your correspondent "Rolling Stone" is absolutely right, then, in claiming that a man gets his feet back on to the ladder more swiftly by being alertly prosperous in his manner than by dismally confessing that he has no job, has never had one, and, as it were, never hopes to have one—unless one will be very, very kind and help him out of his misery. R. W. Hampstead, N.W.

WHEN I was out of a job last winter I found port at last by showing keenness in answering an advertisement that it seemed would just suit me in its offer.

I used to get up very early and look at the column of daily paper outside St. Martin's Church. One morning I saw what I wanted. It was the first time the advertisement had been in. I walked right across the road to the post office at Charing Cross and wired to the advertiser saying I was coming up to see him.

He saw me, and was at first a bit cross at my getting an interview without stating my business. But he was impressed by my speed. I was the first. That meant I was the keenest. It was a bit of a spec, because my experience was one of the last I had handy. I went without any dinner that day. But I got the job.

THREE HUNDRED A YEAR. Battersea.

I HAVE seldom been out of a job, but I must just say that, whether I have been, I have not found it so depressing.

On the contrary, I've taken things coolly, had a nice rest, freshened my mind up, and, I am sure, greatly improved in character.

I'm sure too much fuss is made nowadays about work. I'm equally sure leisure is just as improving. Let me try and I'll enjoy another bout of it! FULL OF HOBBS. Westcliff-road, Broadstairs.

TO-DAY'S DINNER-TABLE TOPICS.

Blake and Wells—more about the fight. About English boxing. . . . If you are an authority (as so many are) refrain, please, from "showing up" the other fellow. Workers and out-of-workers. How to get a job, if you haven't got one. Kindly read our correspondence column, in—quickly to give us your experience, or your views: but, better, your experience. E. E. T.

IN MY GARDEN.

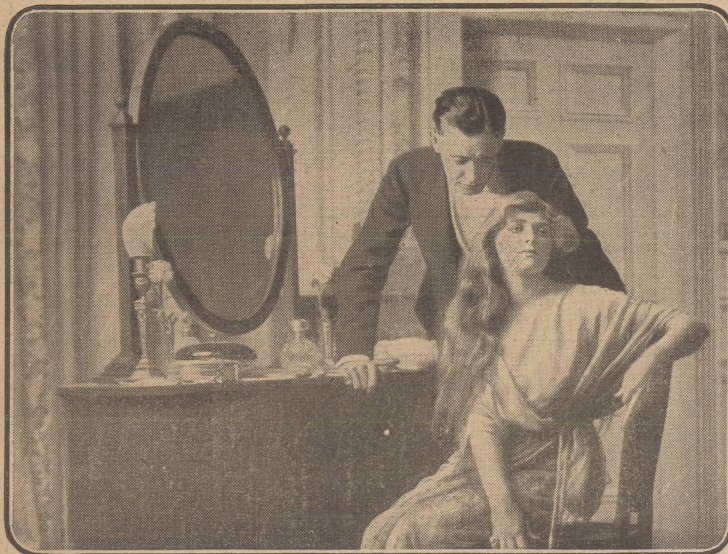
MARCH 3.—Few flowers make such a fine show in the garden during August and September as do the herbaceous phloxes.

These favourite plants are quite easy to grow, but it is important to give them the best quarters, as their roots grow quite close to the surface of the ground, and therefore soon become dry. It is best to plant them in bold clumps of one colour. In gardens where the soil is of a light nature phloxes should be cultivated in the shade. E. E. T.

"PEGGY AND HER HUSBAND."



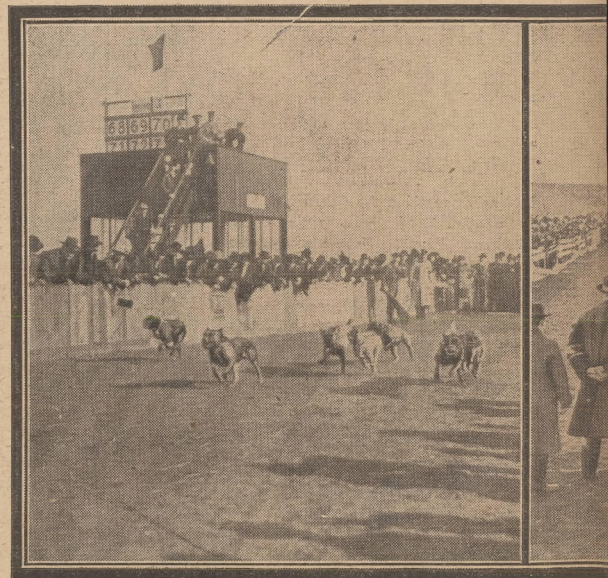
Peggy discovers her husband, who has hidden himself in her wardrobe.



Making up their quarrel.

Peggy is Miss Gladys Cooper, and her husband Mr. Dennis Eadie. The piece, which is at the Royalty, has a wife who undresses and a husband in a cupboard, two essentials for a play if it is to succeed nowadays.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

DOG RACE MEETING:



The bulldogs racing.

Dog racing is Germany's new sport. The first meeting was held at Leipzig and aroused enormous interest, a great crowd gathering on the course. It was, indeed, quite a "Derby day." The runners, too, entered fully into the spirit of the thing.

NEW ZOO BABY.



A kangaroo at the Zoo which has a young one. The baby has not yet left its mother's pouch, but pops its head out.



Airedales taking an obstacle in

LIBERAL PEER TEARS DOWN A POSTER.



The club's custodian with a new poster.

While motoring through Rye, Sussex, Lord Nunburnholme saw a poster outside the Conservative Club which said, "British Disaster in South Africa Cheered by Nationalist M.P.s." Exclaiming: "That's a Tory lie," he jumped from the car, tore down



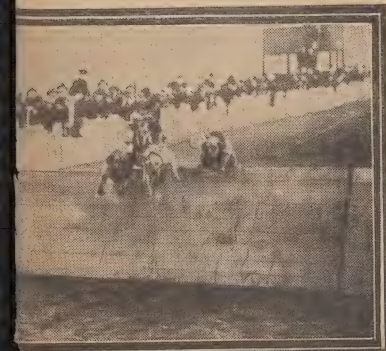
The

GERMANY'S NEW SPORT.



Watching the start of a race and general view of the course.

and every animal seemed as anxious as possible to win. The most amusing event on the card, for which there were seven starters, was the race for bulldogs, who, with much snorting, as is their habit, completed the course, if somewhat ungracefully.



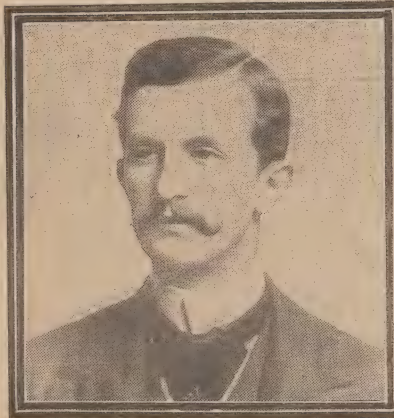
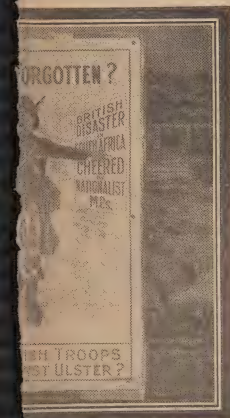
which was confined to these terriers.

GAME WITH KING.



Alfred Johnson, a patient at St. Thomas's Hospital, with the popgun which he insisted on the King firing for him.

TER OUTSIDE A CONSERVATIVE CLUB.



ing placard. Lord Nunburnholme. He is an ex-M.P.

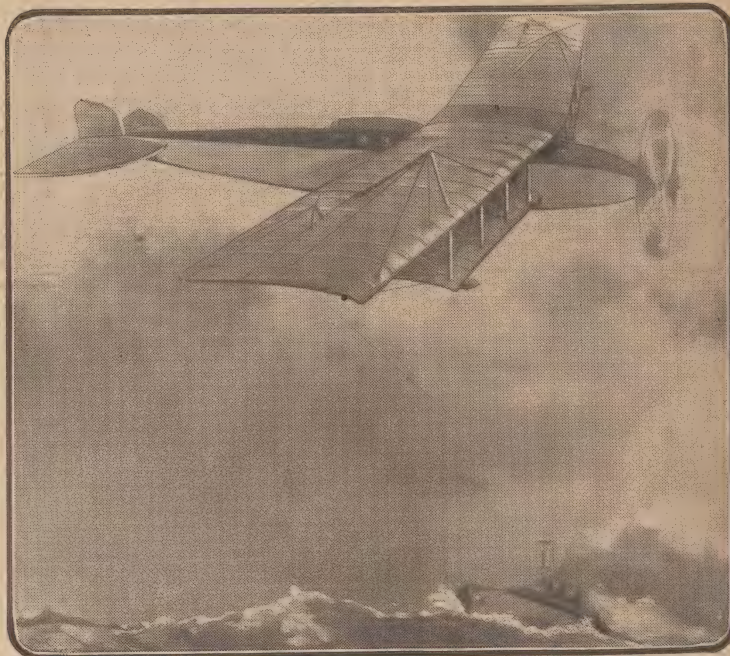
the poster, and trampled it under foot. The custodian of the club, who saw the incident, says he aimed a blow at Lord Nunburnholme, who afterwards expressed his regrets.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

CLAIM AGAINST A BARONESS.



Baroness Hilda von Goetz, who is defending a claim brought against her by Mr. Hugh Douglas Dalrymple, leaving the Law Courts yesterday. Remarkable allegations were made, and Mr. Hume Williams, K.C. (for the Baroness), said certain letters, which played a part in the case, were forgeries. In the circle is the plaintiff, who made some strange admissions in the witness-box.

THE FLIGHT ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.



General appearance of a Wanamaker-Curtiss biplane, the type of machine to be used in the coming attempt to win *The Daily Mail* prize of £10,000 for a flight across the Atlantic. The machine will have a wireless installation and electric light.

"TOUCHWOOD."

THE WONDERFUL EASTERN MASCOT.

The luckiest charm in the world, without doubt, is this ancient talisman, "Touchwood." Nobody knows how old he is, for right back in the very beginning of things he seems to have been used and believed in as a bringer of Good Luck, Happiness and Prosperity to those that wear him. The Eastern people call him their Holy Charm because his little head is made of Sacred Oak, with limbs of gold or silver, whichever is preferred; his eyes have a curious fascination and seem to stare and follow one until almost out of sight. The Eastern people say that with his eyes he averts ill-luck and protects the wearer against misfortune.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA was so delighted with this wonderful luck-bringer that HER MAJESTY was supplied with a large number of them.

Since the announcement of the arrival of this Eastern Wonder thousands of orders have been received for them, and repeats come by every post from delighted purchasers. We have now



made special arrangements with the Sole London Agents, Messrs. H. L. Brandon and Co., of 317, High Holborn, to deliver to us a special large consignment in order to cope with the exceptional demand.

Read what the Press says:—

THE NEWEST MASCOT.

The latest Eastern mascot to reach this country is the quaint little man "Touchwood," who is said to be the bringer of good fortune. The Eastern people call it the Holy Charm, because its little head is made of sacred oak, the arms and legs either in gold or silver. In America they are in great demand, especially the gold ones, and are worn by thousands of men and women on bangles, watch-chains, etc.—"Graphic."

MASCOT AND ITS EYES.

Many persons wear "lucky" stones and many wear the wrong one because they choose it according to the calendar month, and not the Zodiacal month. Touchwood, the mysterious and popular Eastern mascot, can be purchased with eyes of twelve different gems—one for each Zodiacal month—"The Globe," Jan. 31, 1914.

We have the correct "TOUCHWOOD" Mascot, with Eyes of Real Gems, according to the Zodiacal Month for Birthday Gifts.

LUCKY MASCOT, SET IN 9-ct. GOLD.

With eyes of real Stone.	Zodiacal Sign.	Dates.
Garnet	Aquarius	Jan. 21 to Feb. 18
Amethyst	Pisces	Feb. 19 to Mar. 20
Red-stone	Aries	Mar. 21 to Apr. 20
Sapphire	Taurus	Apr. 21 to May 21
Emerald	Gemini	May 22 to June 21
Agate	Cancer	June 22 to July 23
Ruby	Leo	July 24 to Aug. 23
Sardonyx	Virgo	Aug. 24 to Sept. 23
Chrysolite	Libra	Sept. 24 to Oct. 23
Opal	Scorpio	Oct. 24 to Nov. 22
Topaz	Sagittarius	Nov. 23 to Dec. 22
Turquoise	Capricornus	Dec. 23 to Jan. 20

21 1s. 6d. EACH.

Silver Gilt, 15s. In Sterling Silver, 10s.

Lucky Mascot, set in Silver ... 1s. 6d. each.

Lucky Mascot, set in 9-ct. Gold ... 5s. 6d. each.

With eyes of Imitation Ruby, Sapphire, Emerald.

Diamonds, Topaz, Amethyst.

MOTORISTS AND MASCOTS.

All owners of motor-cars are delighted to hear we have produced a special large size "Touchwood" mascot to take the place of the senseless and useless goliwog, Teddy-bear and bilikin. This wonderful charm fixes on the bonnet, perched on a brass rod, from which he surveys everything and everybody with his mysterious eyes, always on the qui vive to avert danger.

These can be seen in the jewellery department, price £1 1s.

Address all orders for these Mascots to the Jewellery Dept., DERRY AND TOMS, Kensington High-street, London, W. Telephone No. 3330 Kensington.—(Adv.)



KNOW nothing which so quickly arouses vitality in all run-down conditions"

Doctor's testimony to Hall's Wine (Original letter shown on request.)

Without the capacity for work and play the richest man is poor; with it the poorest man is rich . . .

By its marvellous tonic action, by its invigorating effect upon the weakened blood and worn-out nerves, by its 'encouragement' of all the vital processes, Hall's Wine swiftly restores that lost capacity for work and play.

If you are over-strained, 'nervy,' worried over trifles, irritable, morbid, 'below par' in any way, try Hall's Wine, and you will actually feel strength, and energy, and 'pluck,' and joy of living returning after the very first dose. Read our GUARANTEE below.

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Tonic Restorative

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to-day. If you feel no real benefit after taking half of it, return to us the half-empty bottle in fourteen days, and your purchase money and postage will be refunded.

Extra large size, 3/6; smaller size, 2/- Obtainable of all Wine Merchants, and Grocers and Chemists with Wine licenses.

PROPRIETORS: STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD., BOVY, LONDON.

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CHRONIC BRONCHITIS

The viscid phlegm is separated and easily expectorated, breathing becomes freer, cough subsides, and the bronchial membranes are restored to a healthy condition by the use of

CONGREVE'S ELIXIR.

87 Years' Undiminished Reputation.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS OF THE PAST.

Mr. MATTHEW GILBEE, of "The Vache," Chalfont-St.-Giles, Bucks., writes: "Thanks to your Elixir, I have not had any sign of the old cough or tightness and difficulty in breathing for the past two or three years, even when I have had a cold. Sleepless nights in an armchair, instead of in bed, stopping something hot, are things of the past."

CONGREVE'S ELIXIR, of all Chemists, 1s. 10d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. per bottle. G. T. CONGREVE's book on the Successful Treatment of Consumption, etc., sent free for stamp from No. 74, Coombe Lodge, Peckham, London, S.E.

WARNING!

REGESAN WORD-MAKING COMPETITION.

It has come to our notice that certain "professional" solutionists are advertising "longest" lists of words at various prices from 6d. upwards. We advise competitors to have nothing to do with these. One that we have seen is absolutely worthless as it contains only a small fraction of the possible number of words to be made out of

Regesan Toilet Cream

Anyone relying on a "bought" list such as this would have no chance of winning a prize.

Remember March 9th is the closing date.

Regesan, Ltd., Trent Street, Nottingham.

Harrods

Novelties in Motor Millinery

AT HARRODS, DAME FASHION
ORIGINATES MANY CLEVER
MILLINERY NOVELTIES TO
ENHANCE THE PLEASURES
OF THE CAR, AMONG THEM
BEING THE TWO-PHASE HAT



Two Hats in one is this charmingly original toque of taffeta. By releasing a patent catch trickily concealed in the two rosettes, they unfold into two long strips to swathe the shoulders. This can be copied in all colours for 35/9.



The same toque ready for motor wear. By pulling the tasselled cord the ends again bunch themselves into a rosette.

An Innovation.—Write for Harrods Special Art Catalogue of Advance Spring Fashions, charmingly printed in photo-gravure, a process that depicts the modes in most realistic forms.

HARRODS, LTD., LONDON

Richard Burbidge, Managing Director.

NEW SERIAL.

BEGINS TO-DAY.

The Story of a Woman's Heart

THE MOST INTIMATE STORY EVER WRITTEN. By AN ANONYMOUS AUTHOR.

(Continued from page 7.)

need for me to read it, for it was burnt into my brain.

I found that I was pacing the floor again. The need for violent action seemed to be a necessity to me. I glanced at the clock. It was too late to go to the woman then—but I would go to her to-morrow. I wanted to see this strange creature of evil—who had stolen away from me the man I loved. I wanted to look into her face and find what manner of woman she was, where was the magical charm that had been lacking in me! I wanted to see her before she and Robert could meet again and lay further plans to deceive me. They were so practised in deceit—these two!

During the whole of the night I had not a moment's sleep, but towards dawn the strange spirit of hate that had possessed me seemed to fade. My heart seemed to be broken—my suffering seemed too great to bear. How I had trusted, how I had loved and honoured Robert! Surely, surely it was beyond human belief that he could deceive me so cruelly! I broke down into a passion of weeping. Then—it is strange how one's thoughts run in the great crises of life—it occurred to me at length that tears would show on my face—that she would see them and understand. So I cried no more.

The wish to confront this woman, to come face to face with her, had become a mania with me. When morning came I could scarcely wait for a reasonable hour to pass.

I managed to restrain myself till midday; then, wearing my smartest coat and hat, I made my way towards Palace Gardens-terrace. The letters she had written to my husband were in the little bag I carried.

I shall never forget that journey from my home to Kensington. The world seemed to move about me in a confused clamour of sound—a confused and ever-changing melody of faces that were strange and inhuman to me. One thing alone dwelt clearly in my mind—at every step I took, at every new station on the Underground I drew nearer to the woman who had wrecked my happiness.

At length, after a long journey, I came to a stop at a gloomy-looking house; larger than the house Robert and I occupied. A short flight of stone steps led to the front door. I ascended and rang the bell.

A parlourmaid answered the door. "You wish to see Miss Esbron on important business, madam?"

I explained that I did, and that my name did not matter, as Miss Esbron might not know it. There was a bit of irony in the fact that was lost upon the maid who had opened the door. She walked along the passage and ascended the stairs to the first floor. I waited in the hall, and in a minute or two she appeared.

"Will you step this way, madam?" I followed her, and was shown into a pleasant drawing-room, with a window overlooking the street. She was there, seated at a desk near the window.

I waited until the maid closed the door behind me. The woman rose from her desk with a questioning look on her face. I had crossed the room, and was standing near her. Her room was luxurious. There was a grand piano to the right of the window, opposite the fireplace; a heavily upholstered chintz-covered sofa was before the hearth. The desk from which she had risen was of highly polished rosewood, and there were bright articles of silver and glass upon it. A large light bunch of violets occupied a place near her blotting-pad. The atmosphere of the room was quiet and attractive, and the woman herself was a most interesting person. She was older than I was, possibly twenty-eight or twenty-nine; we were of a height, but her hair was fair, corn-coloured in hue—her eyes were light blue, her face was oval and pretty. The dress she wore was of silver-grey velvet, ornamented with silver lace. The skirt was well draped, showing that she wore velvet shoes of grey and grey silk stockings. She looked at me with a puzzled, almost a timid, expression on her face. In a moment she gathered herself together, and was about to speak when I broke in.

"You are Miss Esbron?"

I felt that I schooled my voice wonderfully—trying my words—no sign of the hatred and contempt—of the jealousy—of the swift little ascension of spirits at finding her not so handsome as myself. There was nothing of this in my smooth question, but perhaps she read something in my face, for she remained silent.

"You are Miss Esbron?" I repeated.

"Yes," she answered slowly, "I am Miss Esbron."

There was a deeply puzzled look in her eyes.

I opened my bag and took out one of the letters.

"This is your handwriting; is it not?"

There was no need for her to answer. I saw an indignant light gleam into her eyes.

"How did you obtain that letter?" she asked sharply. "It is addressed—"

"Yes," I interrupted, "it was sent to Mr. Robert Cassilis."

"It was sent to Mr. Robert Cassilis," she repeated. "How came you to get possession of my letter?"

"Without answering her, I deliberately folded the letter and replaced it in my bag—I should need it again."

The woman raised her head a little. The strangeness of my action had whipped her into indignation.

"Who are you?" she asked, with a note of sharpness in her voice.

"I am Mrs. Robert Cassilis," I answered.

I saw her fall back a pace, her hands clasped together. Her rather insipid eyes widened, and the colour left her face. I never have I seen so swift a transformation. All indignation had left her—she looked at me with unutterable tragedy in her eyes.

She was making great efforts to steady herself, and felt that she was searching my face with a strange wildly to see down into the depths of my soul.

"Mrs. Robert Cassilis," she murmured.

"Perhaps," I said, "you will be good enough to explain how you came to write to my husband."

She looked at me strangely, then turned away.

"There is nothing to explain," she said.

Then my self-control left me.

Nothing to explain! She, who had stepped into my life, robbed me of the love of the one man in the world, and broken my heart, had nothing to explain! Her attitude in that moment seemed to me to put the crowning touch to my humiliation.

What I said to her I cannot remember now, but for a minute or two she remained motionless and looked out into the street. Then, with an effort, she turned, and without a glance in my direction went to the bell.

I got out of the house without giving her the pleasure of asking her servant to show me the door, and for the whole of that day I lived in a state of mad impatience to bring matters to a climax. Robert was still in Scotland, and he had written that he might or might not come back that night.

I returned to the house that had once been a Paradise to me—that had once been the pride of my life—and I hated it, as I hated everything that reminded me of my broken and devastated love.

I thought of the child—of Robert and my child that was soon to step into this world of anguish and tragedy—and I almost wished that it might never be born.

My burden seemed greater than I could bear—sometimes I thought of rushing away and never seeing Robert again. But still I clung to the faint, feeble hope that there might still be some way out, some possible explanation.

Hours after I had seen Miss Esbron, and when it was already dark, and Robert might come at any time, I was waiting, listening, when I heard the gate of the front garden open and grew tense in my chair.

The doorbell rang, and after a few minutes' pause I heard Alice's voice. It was not Robert. Then the door of the drawing-room opened and Alice entered.

"A lady has called, Miss Esbron, ma'am," she said.

"She asked to see Mr. Cassilis," I have shown her into the dining-room."

I rose from my chair and stood speechless for a moment. The incredible insolence of the woman stupefied me. Then I dismissed Alice with a gesture, and moved towards the door intending to descend to the dining-room, but a new idea flashed through my brain and instantly possessed me.

By one of the strange freaks of fortune that alter the destiny of our lives chance had played into my hands. I was expecting Robert—at any moment I might hear the click of the gate. Miss Esbron had called to see Robert—she should see him, they should be in his presence. I had been so easily tricked, I had lived so guilelessly in my fool's paradise—but I had awakened at last, and in a very few minutes now I should know the truth—I should tear down this curtain of lies that had hidden the realities of life from me and I should see Robert as he was, not as the god I had made him. My mind leapt swiftly to that picture of what would happen in the dining-room when Robert and I and this woman stood together there. In a few minutes I should know the truth, the whole truth, for I had determined that this woman and Robert should confront each other in my presence.

I hurried out of the drawing-room and upstairs. The door of the dining-room was closed, and I switched on the bedroom light and, crossing to my dressing-table, opened the drawer and took out the bag containing her letters—the

one she had written to Robert the night before and which I had found in his pocket.

I took the letters from the bag and read them slowly, one by one. The passionate words burned into my brain, and when I had finished I flung the empty bag back into my drawer.

Then as I pushed the door shut I heard a sound behind me, and turned in a flash.

Robert was in the doorway looking at me—his face was white and haggard—he looked tired and overwrought. He came forward with his arms extended.

"Elaine!" he said.

I wept. All the loving woman in me seemed to leap towards him. "Robert! Robert!" my heart cried aloud to him, and yet no word passed my lips. Oh, it was inconceivable, it was beyond the limits of cruelty that this man, who had so often held me in his arms, who had protested his love for me passionately a thousand times—it was inconceivable that he should have been guilty of deceit. All my nature at that moment seemed to cry aloud in a piteous appeal to him. "Robert, tell me the truth! Assure me that all that is passed is not a horrible dream! Robert, I want your love—nothing in the world else matters!" That was the cry of my heart—and yet something withheld me—some strange, inexplicable power outside myself, some inimical power which controlled my will, and made me draw myself up and to shrink away as he advanced. An uncontrollable, primitive rage caused me to spring away as his arms were about to clasp me.

"What do you want?" I asked in a high, sharp voice—I was not conscious of what I said.

He halted and stared at me. Then he moved forward and peered into my face.

He had never seen a stranger to him—he had never seen the Elaine whose eyes blazed back into his face as mine must have done then. He was bewildered and taken aback. I felt that I could read the guilt in his eyes!

"What do I want?" he said, and his voice was broken. "I want comfort, Elaine."

I broke into a harsh laugh that sounded strange even to my own ears. Then I snatched the letters from the dressing-table.

"You'll never find comfort in me!" I said in a voice that seemed to rend him to the soul. "Go for comfort to the woman who wrote that, and that, and that!"

And with every word I flung down one of her letters on the dressing-table before him.

As I raised my head and looked at him I saw him stagger back, and put his hand to his brow.

"What—what do you mean, Elaine?" he whispered.

"I'll show you what I mean!" I said.

Then I swept past him and from the room. He came after me, as I knew he would. At the door of the dining-room I paused, then flung it open.

"In there!" I said.

I followed him into the dining-room in a fury that seemed to sear and burn me like a raging fire. Then I stopped and shrunk back; a low shuddering cry of horror escaped me. In an instant all the rage and hate and jealousy that had consumed me were swept into nothingness, for Miss Esbron was there, but she was lying prone on the floor. She lay still, with a stiffness that was awe-inspiring in its vast significance. Her face was upturned to the light, her hands were tightly clenched, her lips blue, and over all her person, like a dread invisible aura, lay the awful majesty of death!

A second long instalment of this thrilling story, in which some unexpected developments occur, will appear to-morrow.

What Every Woman Forgets.

By HENRY FARMER.

CHAPTER XX. (concluded.)

A SERVANT admitted Mr. Slew and his colleagues. At sound of the door opening the woman of the film, pale-faced and scarlet-lipped, wearing flimsy dresstail, stepped from a room. Slew reached her quickly and quietly.

And when he told her that he had a warrant for her arrest on the charge of having murdered John Smith.

It was inevitable, in the circumstances, that Suzanne Cloan and Fritz Kavanagh should come together. It came to pass a year later, in the summer again. Parliament was up, and the Prime Minister playing golf. The tragedy and the sensation and the scandal—certain evidence had been necessary at the inquest—of Rajah Cloan's death had faded into the background; had ceased to be an absorbing subject of conversation and discussion.

Kavanagh had written, and Mrs. Cloan had written to him. But it was something deeper than written to him. But it was something deeper than written to him. But it was something deeper than written to him. But it was something deeper than written to him.

She had gone away quietly with her invalid mother to a quiet spot in Devonshire, soon after all that remained of Rajah Cloan had been committed—to earth, dust to dust, dust to dust.

And Kavanagh heard of her from Patricia Maldon, who continually visited Mrs. Cloan, who had postponed her marriage to Reggie Lombard rather indefinitely, until such time as Reggie Lombard should have acquired the rudiments of economy, and more particularly those of domestic economy. Reggie had resigned his commission, gone to a school where motor mechanics were taught, worked for a spell in the shops, and then had come back in overalls, and a very undereath omnibus, and was now earning a hundred and fifty a year. And Pat laughed and

at the same time rejoiced secretly in her heart. For she had come into a very respectable fortune. But for Reggie to have realised this too soon might have spoilt it. And there was another reason why Pat Maldon refused to fix a definite marriage date. She had wished to be free to spend much time with Mrs. Cloan.

When Kavanagh alighted at a counterfitted little station in Devon, Pat Maldon was on the platform. She had written to him, saying "Come."

She was dressed darkly and her expression pensive. They shook hands silently.

"We'll walk," she said presently. "Mrs. Gilroy passed away peacefully."

Kavanagh remained silent.

"I took on myself the responsibility of sending for you," went on Pat Maldon.

"Thanks."

"I—I saw more than you thought on board the Mooltana. I've realised much more since."

Kavanagh flushed faintly.

"Mrs. Cloan is the noblest woman I have ever met. It's time some atonement was made for her past."

A low-lying, counterfitted place had come into sight.

"You'll find Mrs. Cloan in there," said Pat Maldon, pointing, when they had entered a low-ceilinged, beamed hall. "Don't startle her. I haven't told her you were coming."

Kavanagh entered the room. Mrs. Cloan stood at an open window, her back turned.

"Susan!"

She turned sharply. Kavanagh was holding open his arms. Light caught his signet ring with its inscription: "La vertu est la seule noblesse."

She reached him, with a little cry, and his arms enfolded her.

THE END.



How Many Pairs of Ordinary Hose Do You Buy and Wear Out in Six Months?

Suppose we put it at a low estimate and say 6 pairs. At the end of 6 months what do you have left? In most cases nothing but darns and holes.

There's Real Economy in Buying

OUR FAMOUS

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

By the Box, because they give YOU the

advantage in every way.

Should at the end of 6 months every pair be in

holes, you still have the advantage. You simply

return them and receive a new pair for every

pair that has holes. ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Could anything be fairer?

Send for a box on approval. Notice their style—

their light weight—their softness. See if you ever

Hose that looked or felt better. Then if you

are not more than satisfied, return them and we

will refund your money in full.

PRICES ARE—Ladies' Hose, Per 6 Pair Box,

Guaranteed 6 months.

Medium and Light Weight

LUSTRE Hose with a finish like

silk 12/6 12/6

Worsted Merino 12/6 9/6

Fine 12/6

In Black, White, Tan and Navy.

Silk, Holeproofs, Guaranteed Per 6 Pair Box,

3 Months 12/6 9/6

Infants' Socks Guaranteed 6 months, per 4 pair box,

4/6. White, Black, Pink, Blue.

State size of foot worn and weight and colour required.

Send for that Box on approval 10-DAY to

The A Messingham Store, Clifton, Bristol

Restful

Nights

IF baby is fed on Ridge's Food restful

nights are assured. It develops body

and brain, cools the blood, and is in-

valuable during the period of teething.

FREE SAMPLE TIN,

with book on Dietary, sent on receipt

of postcard to Dept. D.M.

ROYAL FOOD MILLS, LONDON, N.

Of Chemists, etc., in 6d., 1/-, 2/-, and 4/- tins

RIDGE'S FOOD

FOR

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Secrets of Beauty.

SELECTED RECIPES FROM HERE AND THERE.—THINGS EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

The Magnetism of Beautiful Hair.

"Applied Arts."

Beautiful hair adds immensely to the personal magnetism of both men and women. Actresses and smart women are ever on the look-out for any harmless thing that will increase the natural beauty of their hair. The latest method is to use pure stalla as a shampoo on account of the peculiarly glossy, fluffy and wavy effect which it leaves. As stalla has never been used much for this purpose it comes to the chemist only in 4lb. sealed original packages, enough for twenty-five or thirty shampoos. A teaspoonful of the fragrant stalla granules, dissolved in a cup of hot water, is more than sufficient for each shampoo. It is very beneficial and stimulating to the hair, apart from its beautifying effect.

Permanently Removing Superfluous Hair.

"Toilet Gossip."

How to permanently, not merely temporarily, remove a downy growth of disfiguring superfluous hair is what many women wish to know. It is a pity that it is not more generally known that pure powdered phenol, obtainable from the chemists, may be used for this purpose. It is applied directly to the objectionable hair. The recommended treatment not only instantly removes the hair, leaving no trace, but is designed also to kill the roots completely.

Home Beauty Aids.

"Household Hints."

A persistently shiny nose or a dull lifeless complexion drives many a woman to cosmetics and consequent despair. And all the time a simple remedy lies at hand in the home. If you have no clemeline in the house you need only get about an ounce from your chemist and add just sufficient water, to dissolve it. A little of this simple lotion is Nature's own beautifier. It is very good for the skin and instantly gives the complexion a soft, velvety, youthful bloom that any woman might envy. It lasts all day or evening, renders powdering entirely unnecessary, and absolutely defies detection.

To Have Smooth, White Skin all through the Winter.

"Boudoir Gossip."

Does your skin chap or roughen easily, or become unduly red or blotchy? Let me tell you a quick and easy way to overcome the trouble and keep your complexion beautifully white, smooth and soft. Just get some ordinary mercolised wax at the chemists and use a little before retiring as you would use cold cream. The wax, through some peculiar action, flecks off the rough discoloured or blemished skin. The worn out cuticle comes off just like dandruff on a diseased scalp only in almost invisible particles. Mercolised wax simply hastens Nature's work, which is the rational and proper way to attain a perfect complexion, so much sought after, but very seldom seen. The process is perfectly simple and quite harmless.

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL BERRIES FOR OBESITY.—(Adv't.)

Ess Viotto makes hands beautiful

For whitening and softening the hands there is no treatment so simple or so agreeable as a few drops of Ess Viotto—the new toilet requisite—well rubbed into the skin. Quite free from grease and stickiness.

In 4s., 2s. and 1s. bottles of all Chemists and Stores. If unobtainable will be sent post free by H. Bromley & Co., Ltd., Acton Vale, London, W.

A SECRET WEDDING: WIDOW OF BARONET'S SON.



An interesting marriage, which has only just been announced, took place recently between Eamond, eldest son of Mr. William Peart Robinson, J.P., of Dallam Tower, Milnthorpe, Westmorland, and Gladys, widow of the late Mr. Bernard Redwood, only son of Sir Boverton Redwood, Bart. Sir Boverton is the well-known oil expert, and Mrs. Robinson's little son, Thomas, is heir to the baronetcy. The portraits are of the bride and bridegroom.—(H. Walter Barnett.)

DEGRADATION OF PRISON.

"I Never Felt Worse," Says Mr. Frank Harris, After a Month in Gaol.

Mr. Frank Harris, the well-known author and managing director of *Modern Society*, was released yesterday from Brixton Prison, after serving a month for contempt of Court, statements concerning a divorce suit having appeared in his paper. Shortly after leaving prison, Mr. Harris told *The Daily Mirror* that he was feeling very ill. The time, however, was not yet ripe for him to publish his grievances against the prison system of this country.

"I never felt worse in my life," said Mr. Harris emphatically. "I feel ill, really ill. Of the prison itself I cannot trust myself to speak. I would not have believed that conditions are what they are. The degradation alone is awful." Mr. Harris continued:

When Oscar Wilde used to tell me of the horrors of prison, and added that I had no conception of what the life meant, I did not think much about it—I put it down to the fact that he was feeling rather dabby. Now I know differently.

I have been a hard, well-trained man all my life. I am in the best of condition now as regards my muscles. Yet it has affected me as nothing else ever has done. I tried to think, but I could not do any productive thinking. It was absolutely impossible.

The moment I entered I controlled myself and trained my mind to realise the fact that I was only there as a sort of experience. I found that I could cover six miles in an hour in the prison—which isn't bad for a man who is nearly sixty.

"I would like to say this," added Mr. Harris, "that English journalists are treated worse than any other class in the community. They are the only people in England who can be ruined for an accident. Thirty years of journalism in England with not a single word said against me was not allowed to weigh for anything."

"The English only want respectability—broadsheet respectability, and what they have done to the Church, they are now doing to journalism—the Church of the Future; driving it into smug respectability."

"They prate of Christianity, and they dare to print on the forenoon of their temples of justice, 'The greater the truth, the greater the libel.'"

"I was condemned for allowing platitudes to appear in my paper in a vulgar form. It was not proved, and could not be proved, that I had anything whatever to do with it."

"As Goethe said, 'Inasmuch as they are English, they are pedants—careful of laws and not of rights.'"

Mr. Hayden Coffin, the actor, who was fined at West London yesterday for non-payment of contributions for his servants under the National Insurance Act, said he had objected to paying a tax that interfered with the freedom of his servants.

BABY SYBARITES.

Perambulators to Match Mother's Motor-car Fitted with "Shock-Absorbers."

Women are now having their baby carriages made to match their motor-cars, both as regards the frame and the upholstery.

Furthermore, there are all kinds of new inventions which help Miss or Master Baby to ride in ease.

This is the information given to *The Daily Mirror* by a well-known Bond-street firm, who state that the most popular carriage is blue, purple, green or other dark tints.

There are, too, "draught repellers" which prevent the baby from feeling the draughts and winds. "Shock-absorbers"—that is, a special arrangement of the springs which prevent the little one from suffering discomfort, however he or she may be bumped about when out for an airing.

"Baby carriages and perambulators," said a representative of the firm, "are being improved every day. The cane and wicker perambulator has quite gone out of fashion."

Another new idea for the comfort of the mother or the nurse is an admirably arranged umbrella receptacle, which keeps the umbrella near the handle of the perambulator.

BRANDY TO CURE CATARRH.

Recent experiments have proved conclusively that catarrh is a constitutional disease, and that salves, sprays, inhalers, etc., merely temporise with the disease, and seldom, if ever, effect a permanent cure. This being so, much time and money has been spent of late by a noted specialist in perfecting a pure, gentle, yet effective tonic that would dispel all traces of the catarrhal poison from the system.

The result is given in the following formula, which has been found to produce the most surprising results in an incredibly short time.

From your chemist obtain 1oz. of Parment (Double Strength), about 2s. 6d. worth. Take this home and add to it 2 pint of hot water and two tablespoonfuls of brandy and 4oz. of moist or granulated sugar. Stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day.

The first dose promptly ends the most miserable headache, dullness, sneezing, sore throat, running of the nose, catarrhal discharges, and other loathsome symptoms that always accompany this disgusting disease.

Loss of smell, defective hearing, and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the presence of catarrh, and which are quickly overcome by the use of this simple treatment.

Every person who has catarrh in any form should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better.—(Adv't.)

The World's Dentifrice

Everyone who cleanses his mouth and teeth regularly every day with Odol, secures them absolutely against all bacterial and fermentation processes which endanger the health and destroy the teeth.

LARGE STOCK

of
LATHES, DRILLING, MILLING, SHAPING, GRINDING MACHINES, &c.

Inspection of Showrooms invited.

UNITED MACHINE TOOL COMPANY,
24, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

TAKES OFF DANDRUFF HAIR STOPS FALLING

Girls! Try this! Makes your hair thick, glossy, fluffy, beautiful.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No matter how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance. Get a 1s. 1/2 bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any Chemist, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you can have beautiful hair, and lots of it, if you will just try a little Danderine.—(Adv't.)

MARKETING BY POST.

FINEST Smoked Bacon, in sides or half-sides, 9d. per lb.; unsmoked sides, 6d. per lb.; smoked shoulders, 7d. per lb.—Write for illustrated list, post free, The Longfield Bacon Factory, Knebworth, Herts.

FISH.—Cleared for cooking, sent from steamer carriage paid; dressed for cooking, laid and particulars post free.—General Fish Supply Co., Grimsby.

FISH from Grimsby: 6lb. 2s. 3d.; 9lb. 2s. 9d.; 11lb. 3s. 3d.; 14lb. 4s. 3d.; carriage paid; dressed for cooking: 6lb. 2s. 3d.; 9lb. 2s. 9d.; 11lb. 3s. 3d.; 14lb. 4s. 3d.; carriage paid; dressed for cooking: 6lb. 2s. 3d.; 9lb. 2s. 9d.; 11lb. 3s. 3d.; 14lb. 4s. 3d.; carriage paid.

CAMEL Gamell's Gamell's—2 Chickens and 2 Partridges, 6s. 6d.; Wild Duck, 4s. 6d.; brace, 8s. 6d.; 4 Partridges, 4s. 3d.; 4 Fat Teal, 4s. 3d.; 4 Chickens, 4s. 3d.; 4 Hens, 4s. 3d.; 4 Bantams, 4s. 3d.; 4 White Game, 4s. 3d.; 4 Black Game, 4s. 3d.; all carriage paid; all birds trusted.—Frost's Stores, Ltd., 278 and 281, Edgware Road, London.

REDUCE Cost of Living—Get Miller's Bacon direct from the factory, Broadmead, Bristol, sides of 48lb. weight—unsmoked, 8d.; smoked, 9d.; rail paid; quality perfect; illustrated list free; Government Contractors.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANOS.—Boyd, Ltd., supply their gold master pianos on deferred payments.—Miss Florence Wood, 105, Regent St. W. 11 to 6 daily.

FOUR 12/6—Pianos on hire—4s. 6d. per week, 4s. 6d. per 100 after; customers' paper—Aditidy, Purton.

LESSONS to Lovers pianoforte, 6d. each, to post next day.

THURSDAY Musical advice, 40 words, 2s.—Cart and Co., 28, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

QUARTET—Four voices, 7d.; particulars free.—Spa Co. (148), Bridge-lane, London.

ELECTROLYSIS.—Superficial hair permanently removed, ladies only; consultations free.—Miss Florence Wood, 105, Regent St. W. 11 to 6 daily.

FOUR 12/6—Pianos on hire—4s. 6d. per week, 4s. 6d. per 100 after; customers' paper—Aditidy, Purton.

LESSONS to Lovers pianoforte, 6d. each, to post next day.

THURSDAY Musical advice, 40 words, 2s.—Cart and Co., 28, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

QUARTET—Four voices, 7d.; particulars free.—Spa Co. (148), Bridge-lane, London.

TO PROMOTE PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE OF ELECTRO-THERAPEUTICS

WE ARE DISTRIBUTING, FREE, 25,000 COPIES OF OUR WORK ENTITLED—

"ELECTRICITY, THE ROAD TO HEALTH"

The greatest discovery of modern years for the treatment of human ailments.

EVERY WEAK OR AILING MAN OR WOMAN MUST LEARN OF THE IMMENSE VALUE OF ELECTRICITY AS A CURATIVE AGENT AS IT IS INFUSED INTO THE HUMAN BODY BY THE CELEBRATED "AJAX" DRY-CELL BODY BATTERY. ALL SUFFERERS, WITHOUT DISTINCTION, CAN NOW FOLLOW A REGULAR COURSE OF ELECTRICAL TREATMENT IN THE PRIVACY OF THEIR OWN HOMES WITHOUT INCONVENIENCE, SHOCK OR ANY DISAGREEABLE SENSATION. IT IS WITHIN EVERYONE'S REACH.

Write for YOUR copy of this book to-day and learn all about this modern up-to-date means of regaining your health and strength.

From the Press

"The Daily Mirror," 17th Oct., 1913, under the title:—

"EVERY MAN AN ELECTRIC BATTERY."
"Life Power of the Body."
"There is reason to suppose, also, that it is electricity which is the life-power of the human body, its motive power and the power of consciousness."
"It would seem, therefore, that electricity, that wonderful, mysterious force, is the origin and energy of all life."

"John Bull," Nov. 30, 1912, under the title:—
"THE EFFECT OF ELECTRICITY ON THE HUMAN BODY."

"It will therefore be seen that, given a genuine electric system of treatment, based upon sound, scientific principles, any institution catering for the twentieth-century disease of nervous failure should receive the hearty support of the public."

"Science Siftings," 21st Feb., 1914, under the title:—

"ELECTRICITY YIELDING MORE SURPRISES."
"The use of 'Electricity' in therapeutics is indeed the field in which it will most intensely interest us all."

"Family Doctor" of the 7th February, 1914, under the title:—

"WHAT ELECTRICITY CAN DO."
"There is no possible room for doubt that electricity does possess curative virtues of an unrivalled order, and can be triumphantly employed in combating disease and in alleviating human pain and suffering."

When sending you this book, we submit to you scientific and undeniable proof that the "AJAX" Battery achieves all we claim for it. Thousands of "AJAX" patients substantiate our statements.



It is no longer a secret for anyone that Electricity is the basis of all life, and it is only when this life element is lacking that illness, weakness and suffering step in.

The "AJAX" gives you back the strength that you have lost. It drives out your pains and aches. The circulation of the blood is improved from the very first application. You regain your health as if by enchantment, even after all other remedies have failed. You suffer from Neurasthenia, Nervous Debility, Locomotor Ataxia or Paralysis, Rheumatism, Lumbago or Sciatica. Neuralgia or other nerve-racking ailments. Stomach, liver or bladder troubles. You must learn of all that "Electricity" can do for you. You must not remain weak, suffering and dejected when you have the remedy at hand.

REMEMBER THAT THIS BOOK IS FREE TO YOU AND DOES NOT ENTAIL ANY EXPENSE OR OBLIGATION AT ALL.

So make up your mind to-day and find out all about this wonderful cure. Even a postcard suffices, and the book is sent you post free in a closely-sealed envelope; so write NOW whilst you have it in your mind, or call at the Institute for a free test if you can. If you write for a friend or relation, please give name and address.

THE BRITISH ELECTRIC INSTITUTE

(Dept. 24), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. AJAX LTD

Example before Precept.

This is the ethic which medical men have adopted with regard to

Mellin's Food

They take it themselves. Many a busy doctor testifies to the fact that, when forced by the exigencies of his profession to postpone his regular meals, he fortifies himself against over-fatigue by partaking of what is, when mixed to direction, a perfect nutriment for the whole body.

They give it to their children, and to the tenderest and most feeble, knowing perfectly well that Mellin's Food holds a magnificent record as a life-saver.

They recommend it to their patients, being entirely confident that Mellin's can do nothing but good even to the fragile new-born baby.

Mellin's Food

A sample Bottle of Mellin's Food, with a book of great interest to mothers, will be sent Free on request. MELLIN'S FOOD, LTD., PECKHAM, LONDON.

14 DAYS TOUR in Glorious ITALY for 10/2

With every FREE sample packet of C. & T. SALUTIS SOAP, sent on receipt of two 1d. stamps, for packing and postage, we enclose full particulars of an easy competition in which the first prizes will be a number of FREE trips to the Beauty Spots of Italy. The tour will start in August. All fares, hotel bills, guides and excursions will be paid; also about 150 MONEY PRIZES will be awarded.

C. & T. SALUTIS SOAP

Is made from genuine Tuscan Olive Oil and is unequalled for imparting that soft delicate bloom which is the chief beauty of a perfect complexion.

Address: Tours, C. & T. SALUTIS SOAP, 34-6, Oxford St., London, W.

Old Remedy That's Always Best for Stomach, Liver and Bowels

Liver, Stomach and Bowel remedies have been coming and going for 50 years, but Carter's Little Liver Pills keep right on giving health, strength and happiness to millions. Lay aside the harsh cathartics that act violently on liver and bowels, and give this old, gentle, sure constipation remedy a trial.

It's really wonderful how speedily they banish headache, indigestion, biliousness and nervousness and clear up sallow, blotchy, pimply skin. Purely vegetable.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

GENUINE must bear signature



Brent Good

It IS so Comfy!



Comfort is one well-appreciated feature of the "Liberty Bodice" (Knitted Fabric) for Children. It is, in addition, an extremely healthy garment, both for the free expansion it allows for movement in exercises or games, and its hygienic device for suspending all weight of under-clothing from the shoulders. Made in WHITE as well as NATURAL.

MABEL BRYANT (International Hockey Player for several years).

"I find my 'Liberty Bodice' the most comfortable bodice I have ever worn when taking part in games and gymnastic work. I can recommend it to any sportsman who does not wear corsets."

Write TO-DAY for the FREE "Liberty Bodice" Book.

"Liberty Bodice"

(Knitted Fabric)

For Boys and Girls: 1 to 5 years 10/6; 4 to 6 years, 1/6; 6 to 13 years, 1/6. Also for Young Ladies, 1/11; Ladies (deep fitting), 3/11. Also in out-sizes. If unobtainable in your district, send P.O.

FREE

The makers of the "Liberty Bodice" are presenting a Real Imported Japanese Fans to children wearing the Bodice. To obtain one send a postcard, saying that you wear the "Liberty Bodice" and send the name and address of any little friend who does not, but who would also like one of the fans.

"LIBERTY BODICE" Factory (Dept. 61), Market Harborough



(Photo. Pictorial Studios)
BEFORE.

TEETH

No High Prices & Best Class Work

Read what this Well-known London Lady Says:—

REPAIRS
WHILE
YOU
WAIT.

EASY
TERMS
Can be
Arranged.

Messrs. Williams' Dental Surgeries,
293, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

Dear Sirs,

I must write and tell you how relieved I feel now that my teeth troubles are over. Had I known how slight the inconvenience and the really small charge I should certainly have come to you before. The improvement, in my opinion, is really remarkable, but, like many others, I deferred the visit until my doctor insisted, on account of the acute indigestion, from which I was suffering.

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

Mrs. W. J. L.

Patients'
Teeth
Fitted in
4 Hours.

7 Years
Warranty.



(Photo. Pictorial Studios)
AFTER.

The original can be seen at any time.

Teeth painlessly extracted 1/-
(Or with Gas) - - - 2/-
Decayed Teeth Stopped - 2/-
Bridge and Bar Work a Speciality. Gold Crowns Equally Cheap.

Single Artificial Tooth - 2/-
Complete Set of Artificial Teeth from - - - 15/-
Gold Filling - - - 10/6

Williams

DENTAL SURGERIES

The finest workmanship, at the smallest possible charge, is the motto of Williams' Dental Surgeries. Expert, careful, speedy work is assured; there are no weary weeks—not even days of waiting.

If you are not prepared to pay down the very moderate fees charged,

EASY TERMS CAN BE ARRANGED TO SUIT YOUR CONVENIENCE.

In business, in social life, in public life, where good looks count to a great extent, defective teeth are a serious barrier to advancement.

Make up your mind now to remove the handicap which is placed upon you by having your teeth made sound.

18&20, Oxford St.

Next Door to Oxford Music Hall.

Hours: 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.

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THE SALE OF THE CITY.

Seventy Years of Consistent Giving of Value are Celebrated by this Sale.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue post free.

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Specially made for Benetfink & Co. upon the most approved principle.

The size offered takes two table knives and one carver at one time. Thoroughly reliable.

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Solid Oak Tea Trays, in sets of 17in., 21in., and 25in.

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Polished Brass

4in. diameter, 1/11

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Exceptional Value.



KETTLE AND STAND



Kettle & Stand in Polished Brass. Excellent Value.

Sale Price **12/9**

Usual Price 15/6

BENETFINK & CO., Ltd., 107-110, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

'Phone: City 6656. Wire: "Benetfink, London."

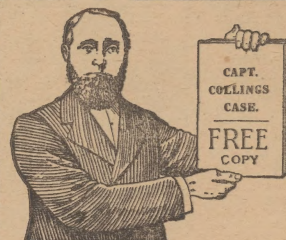
WHY WEAR A TRUSS?

Send for a Free Test, copy of my Book, and Particulars of

MY £100 GUARANTEE.

This is not a wild statement made by an irresponsible individual. It is an absolute genuine and unvarnished fact, which will gladly be vouched for by scores of cured people not only in Great Britain, but also on the Continent and abroad. When I say cure, I do not simply mean that I supply a truss, pad, or other appliance which is to be worn continually by sufferers in order to keep their ruptures in place. I mean that my system enables the ruptured to discard all such irritating encumbrances and make the part as well and strong as it was before the rupture occurred.

My Book, copy of which I will gladly send you free, explains fully how you may cure yourself, without pain or inconvenience, by this system. I discovered it after I had suffered myself by



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for years with double rupture, which the doctors said was incurable. It cured me, and I felt that it was my bounden duty to give the whole world at large the benefit of my discovery, besides making your breath unpleasant. Thousands suffer from ill-health, simply because their teeth want attention.

Expert advice on the care of the teeth is at the service of every caller at the Williams' Dental Surgery, and no charge is made for same. If you cannot call, write (enclosing 1d. stamp) for Free Book, "Good Teeth for All," to Williams' Dental Surgery, 293, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

FREE TEST COUPON.

CAPT. W. A. COLLINGS & SONS (Box 22 C 1),
22, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.
DEAR SIR, — Send me Free the information and Test, that I may cure my Rupture.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

PERSONAL.

M.D.H.—Longing for your voice. God keep you safe, dear. JACK—Come soon, going abroad; indifferent others—Violet.

B.M.O.—Darling, anxious. Love more than ever. You know all.

MELIAN—So sorry about missing letter. Did you try Howick-place? I expect letter, seventh, Charing Cross. Always same.

FOUND—Purse, in Trafalgar-square, containing £20, some odd change and some trinkets—Address, accurately describing purse and contents, Finders, 221, c.o. "Daily Mirror," 25, Bonnet-st., E.C.

*The above advertisements are charged at the rate of 4d. per word (minimum 8 words). Trade advertisements in Personal Column 8d. per word (minimum 8 words). Address, Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 25-29, Boulevard, London.

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A BEAUTIFUL Hardy Climber—Columbian Snowflower, grows 20ft. in season; festoons balconies, etc.; covered enormous snow-white trumpet-shaped flowers all summer; succeeds anywhere; two strong roots, to bloom well this season, is carriage paid, with instructions—J. M. Rayner, F.R.H.S., Highfield, Southampton. (22nd season.) Send for my Novelty List.

FREE Trial pkt. new varieties Seeds, with bargain list of bulbs, roses, rock plants, fruit trees, seed potatoes—Lighten, 57, Kirtton, Boston.

AVIARIES, POULTRY AND PETS.

BURGULARS and Tramps—Mal. Richardson's Police dogs, as supplied police, are best preventives; from 4guinea pups 2guinea—Mal. Richardson, Grovendi, Harrow. Tel. 423.

CANARIES—Every variety, cheapest; British birds, talk, sing, parrots, etc., list free—Rudd, Specialist, Norwich.

BOARD-RESIDENCE TO LET.

ADA Lewis House—172, New Kent-rd., S.E.—Teeth at hospital prices; weekly if desired—Call or write Lady Reid, Hon. Sec., 524, Oxford-st., Marble Arch.

CHARITIES.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

FEBRUARY 28th to March 1st.

Please help to maintain and extend the Army's Missionary and Social Work at Home and Abroad in 58 Countries and Colonies.

Donations may be sent to General Booth, 101, Queen Victoria-street, E.C. Cross cheques "Bank of England, Law Courts Branch." Name—address in application.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A. Can you sketch? If so, you can make money by it. A. BRAD—For situations, Tel. Howard, 11, Red Lion-sq., W.C.

10 stamps for Coloniser, 17, Eldon-st., London.

A. AUSTRALIA—Female Domestic wanted, need only pay

21—Hetherington, 151, Strand.

CANADA for Women—Miss Charlotte Lightbourne is now

forming a special party of selected girls for Canada;

girls wishing to join must apply immediately; fares ad-

vanced to Toronto, Winnipeg or Regina for qualified com-

pet; picked situations, splendid wages—Write or call, c/o

Canadian Northern Railway, 21, Charing Cross, London, S.W.

DOMESTIC SERVANTS—Cook, Washers, Farm Hands, &c.

D. was; secure true information, post 2s. 6d.—F. Wil-

son, Post Office, Medicine Hat, or in Colon Hands, &c.

PORTLAND Enlargements special shilling line for agents;

wonderfully quick sellers; wholesale catalogue free—

Dudley, 194, Brunell-sq., Southampton.

STAGE, Music-halls, Cinema—Beginners write (guide free);

everything explained—Grubbs, 295, Kensington-rd.,

Why not occupy your spare time with work that will put

money into your pocket?—Write for particulars of our

proposition to G. J. 352, "Daily Mirror," Newcastle, E.C.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

LADY Reid's Teeth Society, Ltd.—Gas, 2s.; teeth at ho-

pital prices; weekly if desired—Call or write Lady

Reid, Hon. Sec., 524, Oxford-st., Marble Arch.

"The Story of a Woman's Heart": Our New Serial Begins To-day.

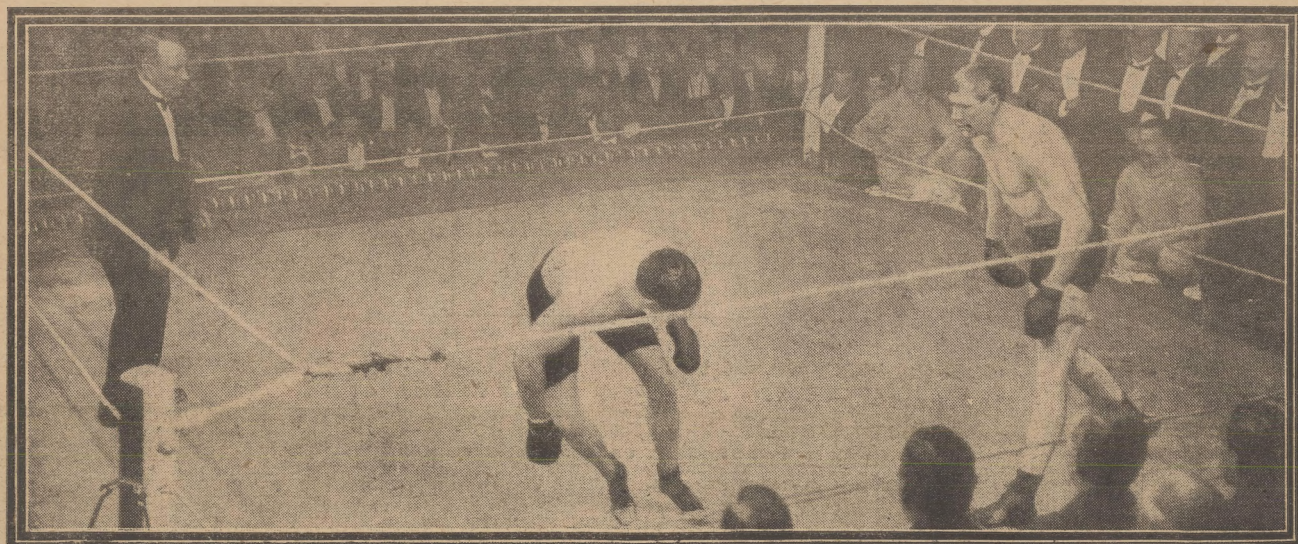
A DOG race meeting—New and popular Sport in Germany: Pictures.

The Daily Mirror

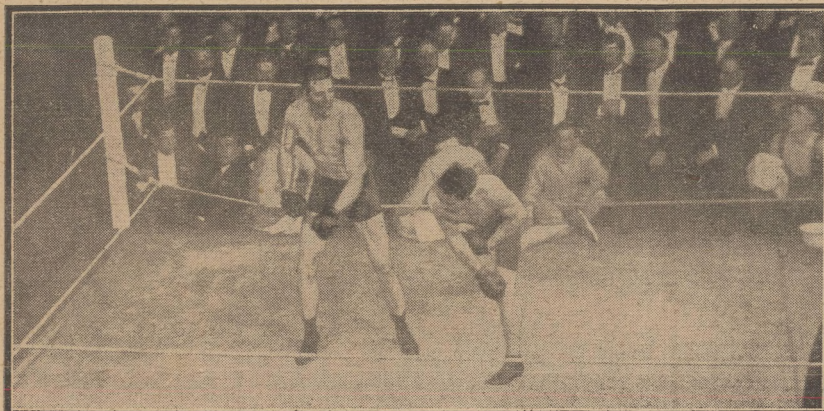
LATEST CERTIFIED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 800,000 COPIES PER DAY.

SICK boy with whom the King played "popgun" at a London Hospital: Picture.

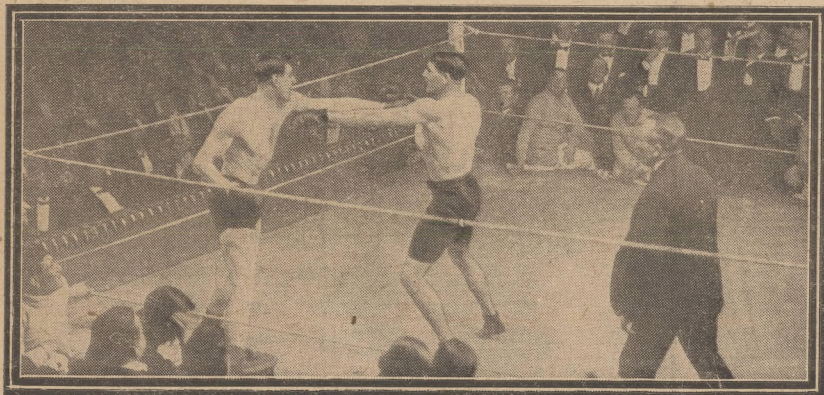
WELLS'S VICTORY: INCIDENTS IN LAST NIGHT'S GREAT MATCH.



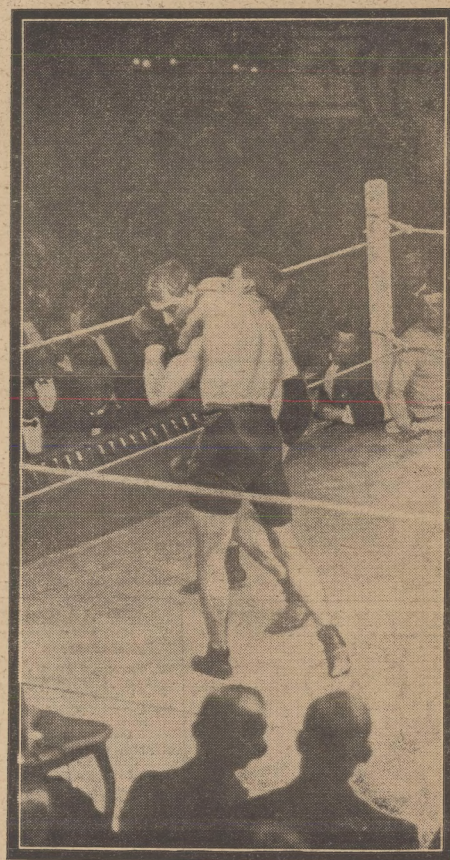
Blake reeling from a left punch by Wells in the third round. This is the first time that the Bandsman has met with defeat.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



Blake reeling in the third round. He was completely outclassed.



Wells measuring Blake for a right hook.



A fruitless dash by Blake.